"OUR EMPIRE" SERIES

INDIA:
OUR EASTERN EMPIRE

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OUR EASTERN EMPIRE

BY . .

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AUTHOR OF "FOUNDERS OF THE EMPIRE

*WITH FOUR COLOURED PLATES
AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS*

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK AND
MELBOURNE. MCMIII 1903

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIST OF COLOURED PLATES.

INDIA:

OUR EASTERN EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

IN the following pages I am going to take my readers for a ramble through our Eastern Empire, in which I shall show them sights and scenes so strange that they will read like pages out of "The Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments," and they will find it somewhat difficult to believe that these things are happening daily in this Twentieth Century, and in a part of the British Empire.

Before setting out on our journey, I should [illegible] to get a clear idea of one of the most [illegible]acteristics of our Empire in the East, [illegible]ch it is always necessary to bear in mind w[illegible]udying this great country. This is the imm[illegible]nse and startling contrast between India the Old and India the New.

MODERN INDIA.

The traveller who goes to Bombay or Calcutta may live for months, almost years, in these cities and see very little but India the New. He finds broad streets, splendid shops, imposing business houses, big hotels, and beautiful parks, exactly as if he were

in London or Liverpool or Manchester. There are trains and tramways to take him out to suburbs very like those round English towns, and, if he lives for some time in either Calcutta or Bombay, he may mix in very much the same society and lead very much the same life as in England, playing tennis or cricket, going to theatres, and so on, just as he may have been used to do.

Of course the people in the streets are different in complexion and costume from those in our country. But if an Englishman makes acquaintance with the Indian people, he will find that many of them are very English and very "up-to-date" in their ideas and way of living.

In Bombay, for instance, there is a quarter of the city which might be a part of Manchester. The air is thick with smoke from a forest of factory chimneys which belong to great cotton-mills, where thousands of Indian men and women work with as much skill at the spinning-jenny, and other kinds of machinery sent out from England, as the factory-hand[illegible] cashire. The hooter screams out its shri[illegible] in the morning, and all day long the w[illegible] noisy wheels resounds through the great b[illegible], surprising the newcomer with these sounds of the modern life of commerce.

INDIAN SCHOOLBOYS.

If an English traveller goes into any of the Indian boys' or girls' schools, he will find that the children are being taught the same subjects as in the schools at home. A gentleman recently visiting one of the small towns in the South of India tells the following

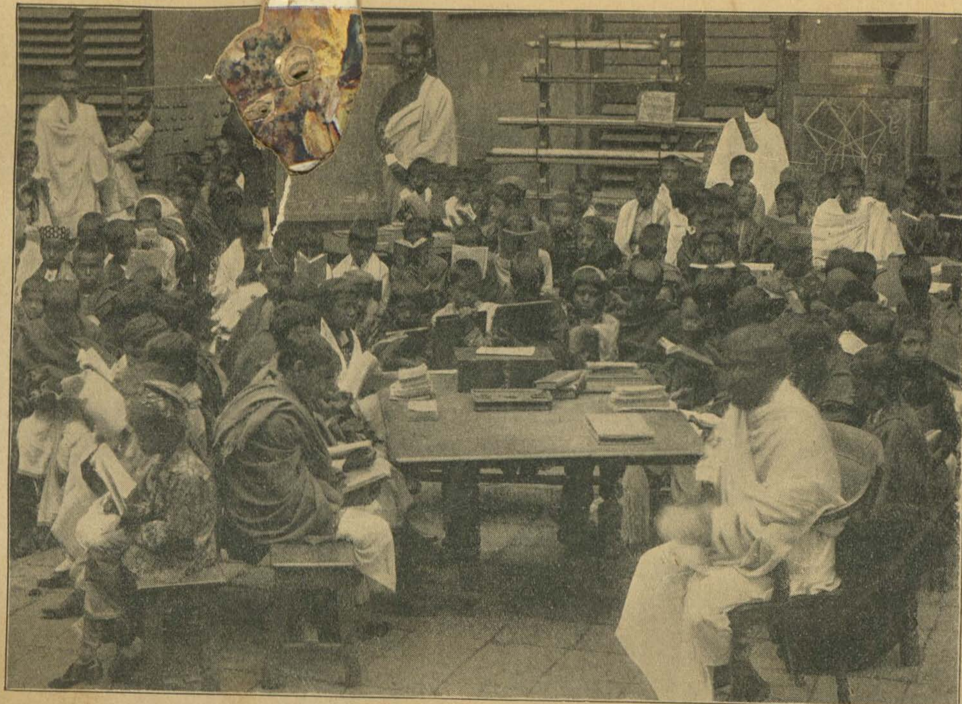


Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

IN AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

story of the way in which he was surprised by this up-to-date style of education among the young people of the East.

"Having a few hours to spare at Tuticorin," writes Mr. Edward Carpenter, "I was walking up and down by the sad sea waves when I noticed a youth of about seventeen reading a book. Glancing over his shoulder, to my surprise, I saw it was our old friend 'Todhunter's Euclid.'"

The youth looked like any other son of the people, undistinguished for wealth or rank—for in this country there is no great distinction in dress between rich and poor—simply clad in his cotton or muslin wrap, with bare head and bare feet.

The traveller questioned him, and the boy replied in English, "Oh, yes, I am reading Euclid—I belong to Bishop Caldwell's College."

"Bishop Caldwell's College?"

"Yes," he said, "it is a large college here, with two hundred boys, from ages of thirteen or f[illegible] up to twenty-three or twenty-four."

"Indeed! And what do you read?"

"Oh, we read Algebra and Euclid," he [illegible] enthusiastically, "and English History, and Natural Science, and Political Economy."

This schoolboy was a type of "New India," and notwithstanding the difference in his complexion, was quite on a level with any lad born and bred in any English town. Indeed, I can hardly imagine an English schoolboy speaking with any enthusiasm of "reading" Algebra or Euclid!

So it is in all the colleges and high schools of the

principal towns, and even in the native village schools which are spread all over India.

So it is also in the great Indian Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, where young native gentlemen study for examinations on a level with those of Oxford and Cambridge, and take their B.A. degree in the same subjects as those of the English Universities.

NATIVE GENTLEMEN.

Wherever one goes in India, one may meet native gentlemen, and especially gentlemen of the Parsee race, many of whom have actually been educated in England, who speak English perfectly, who have a deep knowledge of the literature of our country, and who wish to introduce our Western civilisation into the Eastern Empire.

Many of the Princes of the Native States dress like Englishmen and live like Englishmen, and in the playing fields of their people one may see cricket and ...ll being played with as much enthusiasm as if ...aturday afternoon on an English common. ... is a picture of New India, and a wonder- ...re it is to find in the Eastern wonderland ...h had a civilisation of its own thousands of years before the British Empire existed, and which has only been a part of that Empire since 1857.

OLD INDIA.

But there is another side to the picture, and having seen India the New, let us now look at India the Old.

The more we learn of India and the Indian people

we shall find that after all, in spite of the new influences and new ways, which I have described, the great majority of those many millions of the King's subjects in the East are old in their ways of living and old in their ways of thinking, that they live in a land full of old memories and old cities and old ruins, which tell of an old past stretching back into countless centuries of time.

Here are some pictures of Indian life to-day which will help us to understand how ancient are the people of this land :—

IN A HINDU TEMPLE.

It is in Southern India and on the night of the first full moon. In the centre of a great square planted with palm trees stands a Hindu temple, painted in red and white, and on one side of it is an artificial lake, or tank, shining like silver in the white light of the moon.

The square is crowded with a great throng of people—twenty or thirty thousand—mostly [illegible] boys, with bare brown bodies clothed on[illegible] loin cloths, with a sprinkling of women [illegible] brightly dressed in cotton of gay colouring, an[illegible]ing heavy nose-rings and ear-rings. They are all in a state of great excitement, and the air is filled with a din of blaring horns and trumpets.

It is a great Hindu festival, and the people have come to worship the god Siva as their forefathers worshipped him hundreds of years before the coming of Christ.

Presently from the temple comes a procession moving slowly to the noise of the trumpets, and as it

advances, the people range themselves in two lines, lighting torches of long poles wrapped round with rags dipped in cocoa-nut oil.

First in the procession come the musicians, and then a group of dancing girls, called nautch girls, who are followed by a platform supported on the shoulders of a dozen men, and bearing two great figures cut out of stone—the god Siva, and his wife Sakti.

They are seated under a big umbrella, and covered with rich silks adorned with hundreds of jewels which gleam in the moonlight. The procession moves down to the water's edge and embarks upon a broad raft covered with a scarlet canopy. Then there is the din of cymbals clashed together by the priests, the shrill notes of reed instruments like the pan-pipes of the ancient Greeks, the tattoo of tom-toms, and the furious blasts of trumpets made from great sea-shells, while the people shout themselves hoarse.

The raft with its strange burden makes several ...o and fro upon the small lake, and every ...ouches the bank offerings of bananas and ...s are made to the stone idols, while an old ...hman priest, setting fire to some camphor in a four-branched lamp, recites a hymn more than a thousand years old.

This is truly a picture of India the Old, and the foreigner returning homewards after the night festival rubs his eyes and wonders if he is really in the twentieth century and not in long ages before the Christian era.

Here is another scene from India the Old:—

A NAUTCH DANCE.

It is the house of a Parsee gentleman who is giving a welcome to an English friend.

The ladies of the family, in dresses of gauzy muslin or silks richly embroidered, and dyed with delicate colours of every shade and hue, like a bevy of beautiful flowers, are ranged round the circular room, while the gentlemen, in black coats and high red caps, and trousers of crimson or white, are seated a little in front of them.

In the centre are two nautch girls, whose duty it is to entertain the company. They are dressed in short jackets of bright colours, and skirts of scarlet and gold, beneath which are baggy trousers, tight at the ankle, of yellow silk, with anklets of silver and gold bells, which tinkle with every movement of their feet.

At a sign from the hostess some musicians hidden behind a group of palms begin to play softly on stringed instruments, and the two girls [illegible] commence to dance with graceful sway[illegible] ments, gliding backwards and forwards [illegible] measure about each other, in perfect [illegible] music.

It is like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights," and the English visitor is in a kind of dream when the performance ends and the hostess hangs garlands of flowers about the wrists and necks of the beautiful nautch girls.

This also is a scene of India the Old, a scene far removed from the ways of the modern world we know.

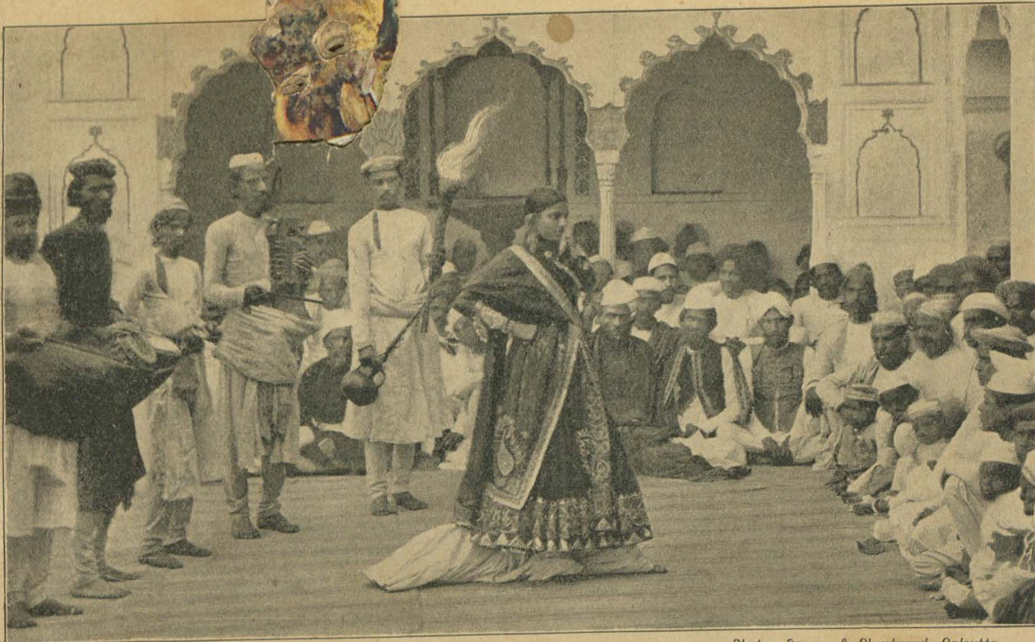


Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

A NAUTCH DANCE.

IN THE STREETS.

And here are some of the strange characters that one may see in such towns as Benares, and Allahabad, and Baroda, and even in the native quarters of Bombay and Calcutta, where, side by side with those signs of the new world which I have described, they take one back to the days of old, thousands of years before the white man came to India.

Let us watch one of the crowds that may be seen surging all day long through one of the main streets of these Indian cities.

The scene is full of bright colour. Yellow jackets, red, white and yellow turbans, cotton dresses of every colour in the rainbow, pass to and fro and intermingle so that in the distance it seems like a dance of flowers.

But among these bright dresses one may see the brown bare bodies of chubby children, and here at the street corner sits a lean and naked "fakir," or fanatic, smearing himself with ashes, tearing his beard and hair, and muttering, with rolling eyes, like a [illegible] But he is not mad in the ordinary s[illegible] denying himself the pleasures and co[illegible] world because he thinks that by s[illegible] an[illegible] ensure his happiness in the next.

THE SNAKE CHARMER.

Not far away sits a snake-charmer, surrounded by a group of awestruck people watching him as he winds a great cobra round his neck, while another, coiled about his arm, erects its head, glaring at the people with glassy, cruel eyes.

A strange power it is these men possess! They



SNAKE-CHARMERS.

seem to know the language of the deadly creatures they play with, and by a whisper they can quiet them in their fiercest moods, or by another whisper lash them into a fury.

It is often said the snakes are harmless because their poison fangs have been removed, but this is not so, and it sometimes happens that the snake-charmers, in spite of their secret power, are stung to death.

THE DEVIL DANCER.

Moving on a little further we may see another strange fellow. It is a "devil dancer" from Ceylon pretending to cast out a devil from a poor idiot whom his superstitious friends have brought to be cured by this impostor.

The man is dressed in a fantastic style, with a white skirt reaching from his waist to his feet, and the upper part of his body quite bare except for a number of bracelets, armlets, and metal plates in strange patterns on his dark skin.

He is accompanied by a tom-tom beater, who, squatted on the ground, makes a furious din with his "devil's tattoo."

A FANATIC.

As we stand there, we are jostled by a tall man in a yellow garment, with long matted hair, and a tangled beard reaching to his waist.

His right arm is stretched up straight and stiff above his head, and at the end of it is a small, withered hand, no bigger than a child's.

He is doing a life-long penance for his sins, and his arm has been held above his head for long years.

A CHEETAH IN CHAINS.

Presently there is a shout among the crowd, which parts to form a thoroughfare, and a fierce-looking cheetah is led along with a chain round its neck by a tall Hindu, naked but for a white cloth round his loins.

It is the hunting animal of a native prince taking its morning exercise.

And perhaps in a few minutes we shall catch a glimpse of the prince himself, seated in the "howdah" on the back of a great elephant which comes swinging along with clumsy tread while the people scatter on either side.

Such is a typical crowd in India, and if instead of living in the twentieth century we had been born a thousand years ago and come on a "magic carpet" to this Eastern wonderland we should have witnessed just such a scene as this.

India has changed but little through the ages! In spite of the factory chimneys of Bombay the people of India belong to the old, old world.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF INDIA.

THE story of the Indian people goes back for nearly four thousand years. That is to say, we have records of the races who inhabited that great country nearly two thousand years before the Christian era.

The story is one of continual invasion and warfare, until under the British rule peace has at last come to India.

THE ABORIGINES.

The original people who existed in India as far back as our knowledge goes, left no written history of their race, but there still exist rough stone monuments, and implements of domestic and warlike use have been unearthed, which teach us something of their ways of living.

And the bones of some of these early people have been dug out of their graves, so that we know they belonged to a race small in stature, with low forehead, broad cheek-bones, small nose and large mouth, very like the people of Tartary, in the Chinese Empire, from which part of the world it is believed they originally came.

In the mountain districts of India there are still a few tribes who have the same characteristics, and there is no doubt they are the relics of that ancient race which overran India more than three thousand years ago.

THE ARYANS.

Fifteen hundred years B.C. there was a great invasion of India by a warlike race who came from Central Asia across the Himalayan mountains into the north-west of India.

These warriors were people called Aryans, and it is interesting to know that we ourselves, as well as many other nations of Europe, are descended from the same race.

They were tall people, of fair complexion, with high foreheads, straight noses, and small mouths, in fact, very much like an Englishman or German of to-day.

As soon as they got south of the Himalayas, however, the hot climate darkened their complexion, and altered their character, so that instead of remaining rough fighting men, they became more refined and cultivated the arts of peace.

THE HINDUS.

They called themselves Hindus, from that part of India in which they settled and which was then called Hind, but is now the province of the Punjab, through which runs the river Indus, whose name is of the same origin.

The Hindus spoke a language called Sanskrit, now one of the "dead" languages, but at one time a living and splendid speech, capable of expressing the most difficult thoughts.

They gradually became highly civilised, and great thinkers arose among them who put into writing many noble lessons of life and morality. These lessons are still to be read in wonderful poems

which have been preserved throughout the long ages which have passed since the lifetime of those early poets.

THE HINDU RELIGION.

Their religion was what is known as Nature-worship. They believed in one Almighty Being, and they thought that He revealed Himself in certain forces of Nature, such as the sun, fire, water, and air. Gradually they came to regard these great forces as gods and worshipped them for their power.

They believed also that when a person dies his spirit does not go straight into a heaven of peace and joy, but passes into other bodies of higher or lower degree according as he had spent a bad or good life.

It might happen, for instance, that the spirit of a man who had indulged in coarse and evil passions might pass in the next life into the body of a pig, or some other animal. But if he had been good it would pass into the body of a person of a higher rank than that of his preceding life, so that after many deaths and many lives the spirit would at last reach the highest stage, when it could pass at once into the presence of the Almighty and live for ever in perfect peace.

After a time this primitive religion became corrupted by many strange superstitions, and many priestly ceremonies of an evil kind, such as the offering of human sacrifices.

CASTE.

By degrees also this religion brought about a strange state of things in the social life of the people.

The Hindus divided themselves into a number of

different ranks or castes, and during one lifetime no man born into one of these castes could rise into a caste of a higher rank. It was only by living a good life, so they believed, that he might hope to rise higher when the spirit passed out of his body at death and was born again in a different body.

At the top of this scale of rank were the Brahmans, or those of priestly caste. Below these were the two castes of the soldier and the trader. Beneath these was the Sudra, or low-caste people, consisting of the peasants and uncivilised tribes, and lowest of all were the Pariahs, who had no caste at all, and were therefore called "outcasts."

All these castes have been preserved among the Hindus at the present day, and each of them has been split up into innumerable other divisions, so that among the Brahmans alone there are over eighteen hundred different castes.

And so strictly is each caste separated from another, that men and women of one caste may not marry with those of another, nor may they eat a morsel of food cooked by a different caste, nor touch or be touched by even the hem of the garment of anyone of different caste, without believing themselves to be defiled.

The Hindus built their chief cities along the valley of the Ganges, and many old ruins of palaces and temples still remain as a record of this ancient civilisation.

BUDDHISM.

Five hundred years before Christ a new religion was founded which rapidly spread throughout India.

It was taught by a wise and good man named



Photo: Kapp & Co., Darjiling.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

Gautama, who was afterwards called Buddha, meaning The Enlightened.

He was the eldest son of a king, and would have been very powerful and wealthy if he had followed in his father's footsteps. But he gave up his rank and riches, and going into the desert lived a life of self-sacrifice and poverty, passing his days in meditation and prayer.

After some years his wonderful saintliness of character and his great wisdom attracted many disciples, and he taught them to give up the old Hindu superstitions and to live according to the will of God by leading lives of purity and love and self-sacrifice. A great deal of his teaching was very beautiful, and has often been likened to the words of Christ.

About two hundred and fifty years after Buddha's death a great king named Asoka, who reigned in the lower valley of the Ganges, was converted to Buddhism, and when he conquered many parts of India he spread the faith among the people under his dominion, and appointed learned men to put into writing all the words of the great Buddha which had been treasured up by his disciples and handed down from generation to generation. He also had many of these moral lessons carved upon tall pillars of stone called "lats," which he commanded to be set up in many parts of India.

For several centuries Buddhism became the chief religion of India and spread into the neighbouring countries of Ceylon, Burma, China, and Afghanistan. And when fresh invaders fought their way into India through the Himalayan Mountains—the Greeks under Alexander the Great, about 300 years B.C., and tribes

from Central Asia at a later period—the newcomers also learned and believed the faith of Buddha.

THE NEW HINDUISM.

Some centuries later, however, that is to say, in the sixth century A.D., a king arose who believed in the old Hindu religion, and his influence was so great over his people, and over those whom he conquered, that he was able to induce them to renounce Buddhism and return to Hinduism.

From that time onward the religion of Buddha has ceased to flourish, and although there are still Buddhists to be found in India, they form only a very small minority. At the present day Hinduism is the faith of the great mass of the people of India, with the exception of those who belong to another religion which I must now mention.

MOHAMMEDANISM.

In the year 1001 there was a great invasion of India by an Arabian chieftain named Mahmud with an army of Mohammedan warriors.

These new invaders took their name from the great religious leader Mohammed, sometimes known as Mahomet.

He was born at Mecca, in Arabia, about the year 570 A.D. The son of poor parents, when he reached manhood he became a camel-driver in the service of a rich widow named Kadijah, who afterwards became his wife.

In his long journeys through the desert when he accompanied Kadijah's caravans to the markets of Syria, he used to meditate upon the mysteries of life

and religion, and at last became possessed with the idea that he was divinely inspired by God as a prophet whose mission was to redeem the world.

At that time many Arabians were idol-worshippers, and others believed in a corrupt form of Christianity mixed up with many pagan superstitions.

Mohammed proclaimed to those about him that he was sent by God to teach men the way to Heaven. At first he was laughed at, and many thought him mad, but after a time his enthusiasm and his fiery words made people believe that what he said was true.

He gathered around him a number of disciples, and these gradually increased in numbers until he had several hundred adherents who were willing to do whatsoever he told them, even at the cost of their own lives.

He called his religion "Islam," which means "Resignation," and Mohammed's teaching resembled in many ways the teaching of Christ. He taught that there was one Almighty God, creator of Heaven and earth, who knew everything, could do everything, and was full of mercy to those who resigned themselves to His will.

But in one way the new religion was very different from and infinitely less beautiful than that of Christ. For Christ preached the law of love, and the Christian apostles spread their faith by words of Peace and not by the power of the Sword.

But Mohammed believed in conquering men's souls by the force of arms, and he trained his disciples to become fighting men and to spread the new faith by giving battle to those people who refused to believe and adopt it.

It may seem strange to us in these days of scientific warfare that a camel-driver could become a great soldier and lead his followers to victory against armies ten times as great as his own force. But so it was. Mohammed conquered many great tribes of Arabia and forced them to adopt his teaching, and afterwards several great princes of Egypt and Abyssinia taught the religion of Islam to their people.

After Mohammed's death in the year 632 his successors were even more successful in spreading the new religion, so that not more than eighty years after the prophet's death Mohammedanism, or Islam as the religion is more properly called, reigned supreme over Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Persia, the northern coast of Africa, and the whole of Spain.

It was men of this faith, calling themselves Mohammedans or Moslems (which means believers in Islam) who invaded India in the eleventh century A.D., under the chief Mahmud. They subdued many of the great Hindu princes, and established kingdoms in nearly every part of India.

THE GREAT MOGULS.

But the number of India's invasions was not yet complete. In the year 1200 a chief named Gengis Khan, from the savage country of Mongolia in Central Asia, devastated the north-western part of India with his hordes of warriors.

Two centuries later another chieftain named Tamerlane, from the country of Tartary, which also belonged to the Moguls, advanced to Delhi and proclaimed himself Emperor of India.

In 1525 his descendant named Baber was the first

to call himself the Great Mogul (or Mongol), and from that time until 1857, when the British became the sovereign power in India, there reigned a succession of Great Moguls at Delhi.

THE EMPEROR AKBAR.

The grandson of Baber is renowned in history under the name of Akbar, which means "The Great."

At the early age of eighteen he freed himself from the authority of the ministers who had been placed over him when his father died, and at once proved himself to be possessed of a powerful character and a strong mind.

Under his command his armies subdued all the independent princes of Northern India and established his rule over them.

But great though he was as a conqueror, it is by his wisdom, his humanity and his laws that he earned the admiration of future generations. He saw that justice was administered throughout his dominions, and kept a careful watch over his officers of state, and over the princes who ruled within his Empire, to see that they did not grind down the poor by unjust taxation, or treat them with violence and cruelty. He increased the prosperity of the people by building good roads, and by organising a strong force of police, so that trade could be carried on more easily and without fear of robbers.

Although he had been born a Mohammedan, he showed himself to be a man of broad mind and great love of humanity by the noble tolerance with which he treated the people of other religions. This is all the more wonderful, because the age in which he lived

had not yet learned the blessing of religious tolerance, which recognises that every person has a right to his own belief.

He established schools throughout India for the education of Hindus as well as Mohammedans, and he gave great encouragement to literature, architecture, and art. Many splendid and beautiful buildings in India remain to commemorate the greatness of this admirable man and noble Emperor.

AKBAR'S DESCENDANTS.

The strong character of Akbar was inherited in some degree by his son the Emperor Jahangir and his grandson the Emperor Shah Jehan, both of whom ruled wisely and well.

The latter, Shah Jehan, is renowned as the greatest builder of Northern India, and among the magnificent works which he has left as memorials of the splendour of his reign are those most famous and most beautiful structures the Taj Mahal, or "Great Tomb," at Agra, the Pearl Mosque in the same city, and the great palace and mosque at Delhi, which I will describe more fully later on.

The son of this Emperor—Aurungzebe—was a villainous man who revolted against his own father and kept him a prisoner in his old age. He also murdered three of his own brothers in order to gain the Imperial throne.

In spite of this, however, he became the most powerful of all the Mogul Emperors, and it was at his death in 1707 that their Empire began to be split up into separate kingdoms by the princes who had formerly been subordinate to the Great Mogul. This

was partly brought about also by a general uprising of low-caste Hindus called Mahrattas, who conquered many of the smaller Mohammedan states and founded states of their own in Central India.

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

It was shortly after this time that the British people first obtained an important influence in India.

In the year 1653 a company of British merchants obtained permission by a charter from the British Government to trade with India, under the name of the East India Company. Here they established trading stations at Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras.

This company became vastly rich, and in the middle of the eighteenth century Robert Clive, who went out as a clerk to Madras, was the means of their acquiring a great power over the native sovereigns.

At that time the French nation had several trading stations on the coast of India, similar to those of the British, and a Frenchman named Dupleix conceived the idea of founding a French Empire in India by a daring scheme which would no doubt have proved sucessful if it had not been frustrated by Clive.

The native princes of India were in a continual state of warfare with each other, but Dupleix realised that however brave the soldiers of these Indian princes might be, they would be no match against European troops or even against native troops trained to fight with European arms and according to European discipline.

He therefore got together a small army of "Sepoys" as the native soldiers are called, and

trained them in this manner until he was ready to put his scheme into action.

When the time was ripe, Dupleix offered the services of his Sepoys to a prince who had declared war against a neighbouring state, and, sure enough, his soldiers obtained an easy victory over the prince's enemies.

Dupleix hoped to play the same "game" upon other occasions, until several of the great native states should be completely under his influence and direction.

But it happened that the British nation was at that time engaged in war with France, and Dupleix thought that it was important to get rid of the East India Company and their trading stations before he made further attempts to dominate the native states.

He therefore persuaded the native prince called the Nabob of Bengal to attack the British with a view to driving them out of India.

ROBERT CLIVE.

But he had reckoned without Robert Clive. This great Englishman, at that time a young and unknown man, had seen the value of training native soldiers according to European discipline just as Dupleix had done, and the opportunity arrived when he was able to put into practice the same plan.

All the trading stations of the East India Company were attacked by the French and their Indian allies.

For a time it seemed as if the Company would really be driven from India. But Clive turned the tide of fortune by gathering together a small force of European and native soldiers and attacking the

town of Arcot, the favourite residence of the Nabob, with such daring and enthusiasm that he captured the place without the loss of a single man.

In his turn he was besieged by a great army, but for fifty days and nights he and his little band resisted all attacks, and eventually drove off the enemy.

This wonderful feat made Clive famous throughout the world, and the East India Company saw that in him they had a man who would defend their possessions and re-establish their power against all odds.

They gave him the supreme command of all the forces in their pay, and he trained them into a splendid state of warlike efficiency. With this little army he gained victory after victory, and at last, at the battle of Plassey, he won his greatest honour, when with only 1,100 Europeans and 200 Sepoys he utterly defeated the forces of the Nabob of Bengal with an army of 50,000 strong. Eventually he drove the French completely out of India.

Clive was appointed Governor of Bengal, which now came under the power of the East India Company, and year after year the Company obtained dominion over other states of India, until early in the nineteenth century a greater part of our present Indian Empire was under the influence of this powerful body of merchants.

THE EMPIRE IN INDIA.

The East India Company, however, was not allowed an unlimited rule over the native states.

The British Government began to claim the right of controlling the territories which had come under the influence of the Company, and appointed

the governors and councils who had the task of administering justice, collecting taxes, and entering into treaties with the native princes.

The British Government also established an Indian Civil Service, from which the judges, magistrates and other officials were appointed, with the condition that they were not to enter into any trading transactions with the Indian people.

This rule was very necessary, because formerly the clerks of the East India Company had been tempted to use the natives unjustly in order to make fortunes out of them.

Another very important share which the British Government took in safeguarding the lives and interests of our people in India was to keep a standing army composed of several regiments of British soldiers and a great force of native soldiers or Sepoys, commanded by British officers.

Unfortunately the employment of these Sepoys was not without its danger, and many cautious people in this country began to fear that when we had trained them in European discipline and supplied them with modern arms and ammunition they might one day use their power against the very people to whom they owed it.

THE MUTINY.

These fears came only too true, and the mutiny of the native army which broke out in 1857 was one of the most tragic and terrible events in modern history.

The Sepoys outnumbered the European soldiers by six to one, and certain ill-contents, thinking that the British would be helpless in the event of a general rising, stirred up the religious hatred and fanaticism

of their comrades against our countrymen, tempting them to rebel against their officers and to massacre every European in India.

At Meerut, near Delhi, the mutiny was first to break out, and it spread like a flame to Delhi, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Lucknow, and almost every garrison in Northern India, where the native soldiers rebelled and murdered their officers, and as many British civilians, men and women and children alike, as they could lay hands on.

In many cases the British officers received warning of the outbreak in time to take refuge in the barracks or forts with a number of British residents, and they maintained a heroic defence against the enemy.

Fortunately many native regiments remained loyal to us and many native princes came to our help in time of need, while the great mass of the Indian people took no part in the insurrection.

Nevertheless it was a time of infinite danger, and large numbers of British people were massacred before our faithful soldiers, under such skilful and valiant generals as Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Colin Campbell, and James Outram—names for ever glorious in the history of the Empire—were able to rescue the besieged garrisons and to stamp out the revolt.

In the later chapters of this book I have narrated some of the most heroic episodes of the Great Mutiny in fuller detail.

INDIA UNDER BRITISH RULE.

As soon as peace and order were restored the British Government abolished the East India Company, and India was placed under the rule of the British Crown.

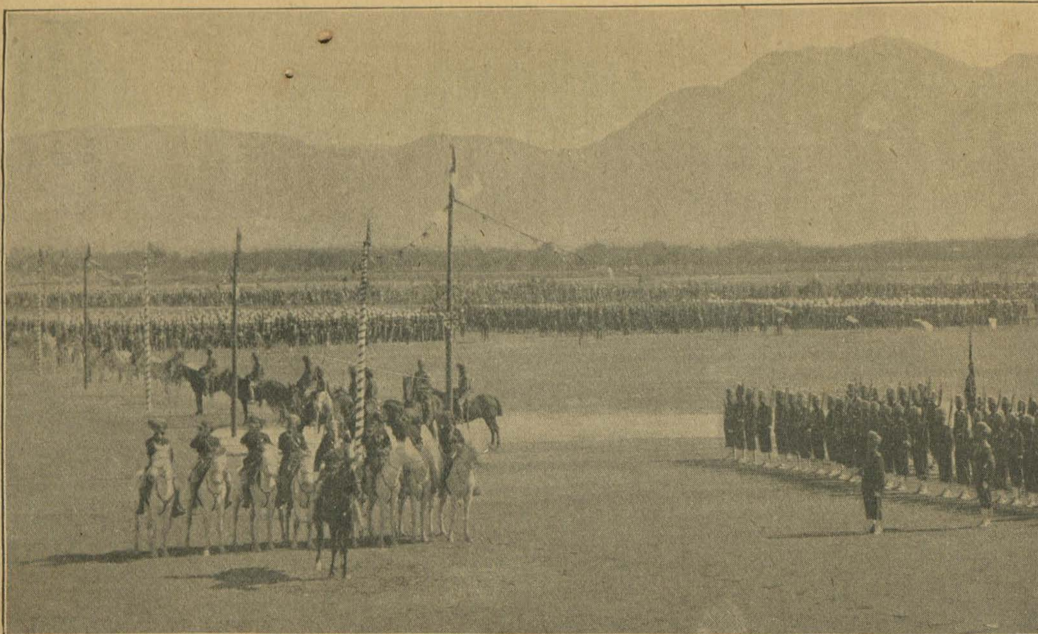


Photo: F. Bremner, Quetta.

INDIAN SOLDIERS.

The army was reformed, and to ensure safety in future the number of British soldiers was increased, so that instead of being so greatly outnumbered by the Sepoys, there is now at least one European to every two natives.

Moreover, our own men are placed in charge of the most important positions, and the artillery is in the hands of gunners from this country, so that the power of the army is no longer in the hands of the natives.

Since the time of the Mutiny, the Sepoys have been perfectly faithful to us, and they can now be relied upon to the utmost for their obedience, discipline, loyalty and bravery in peace and war.

In 1878 we had to engage in a war with Afghanistan, at the end of which the north-west frontier of India was considerably strengthened. Finally, in 1884, we were obliged to fight against the King of Ava for his mismanagement of Burma, which eventually became a part of the British Empire.

Since that time peace has reigned in India, and under our government the people have steadily advanced in prosperity, in education, and in general happiness, freed from the great evils of warfare between their native states, from the tyranny of violent and unjust princes, and from many bad superstitions which formerly led to much cruelty and misery.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

I will now conclude this chapter—which is not perhaps so interesting as some of my readers may wish, but is very necessary in order to understand the life of the Indian people to-day—by giving a

few words about the present government of the country.

India is divided under two heads—British Territory and Native States.

The British Territory covers an area of 868,314 square miles, and contains a population of nearly 200,000,000 people. It is separated into three great divisions, called Presidencies, namely, Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, and the first of these, Bengal, is divided again into several departments called Provinces. These divisions include the provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, the North-West Provinces and Oudh, the Punjab and Delhi, the Central Provinces, Assam and Burma.

All these presidencies and provinces are controlled directly by the British Government and by the great officers appointed by our Government.

In Great Britain, the Secretary of State for India is responsible to the King and Parliament for the administration of our Eastern Empire, and in India itself there is a great officer of State called the Viceroy or Governor-General, who is the representative of the King, and is the practical ruler of our Indian dominions.

Under him there is a Lieutenant-Governor or Commissioner for each of the great provinces, and beneath them again are a great number of officials who administer justice and undertake the civil offices of the provinces, all of them being appointed by the British Government.

In the Native States a different form of government prevails. The hereditary princes at the head of these states are to a certain extent independent of

British control, but they acknowledge the King as their sovereign, and in most cases pay a fixed amount of money to the Indian Government.

As a rule also they govern their states with the advice of a British Resident appointed by the Viceroy.

They have no right to make war upon any other state, and they agree not to maintain more than a certain number of troops. In the case of serious misgovernment the Viceroy has the right to interfere and see that justice is restored.

But apart from these conditions they have absolute power in the administration of their own dominions.

There are about 300 of these native states, and they contain a population numbering nearly 65,000,000 persons

Having learnt as briefly as possible the story of India from the past to the present, we will now commence our journey through this great Empire.

CHAPTER III.

BOMBAY: THE GATE OF INDIA.

BOMBAY is a handsome city seated on two bays, and as one approaches it from the sea by Colaba Point, a vast panorama unfolds itself to the eyes of the admiring visitor.

One of these two bays is rich in islands, which rise as green as emeralds, and the other has a background of the Esplanade and the heights of Malabar Hill.

A few years ago Bombay was but a town of warehouses and offices—now it is a city of parks and palaces, and anyone revisiting it after an absence of several years would have cause to be astonished at the vast change and the numerous improvements which have taken place.

THE POPULATION.

Bombay may well be called the Gate of India, for at least nine-tenths of the people entering or leaving India do so by this important city and port, which has a population of 800,000 souls of various nationalities.

They are chiefly Europeans, Hindus, Eurasians, Parsees, Jains, Mohammedans, Jews, Negroes and Chinese—quite sufficient to make a motley crowd in the streets.

Besides these, however, are strangers from all

parts of Asia and India—Arabs, Afghans, Beluchis, Rajputs, Sikhs, Malays, Madrasis, and many others.

Most of these wear distinctive clothing, and turbans, generally of a bright colour, so that the streets of Bombay, especially in the native quarter, are like brightly-coloured pictures.

BLACK TOWN AND WHITE.

Most of the large Indian towns and cities are divided into two parts, one inhabited by whites and the other by blacks. The one is the counterpart of an ordinary English town and the other is thronged with a picturesque humanity.

It is curious to note that Bombay is the least known of our Indian towns, although so many people pass through it. Travellers are generally eager for the wonders of other towns, such as Agra or Delhi, and they content themselves with a few drives through the spacious streets of Bombay.

The Government Buildings are imposing. These have a frontage of 450 feet on Back Bay and are an adornment to the Esplanade. Next to these are the University Senate Hall, the University Library and Clock Tower which are in thirteenth century French architecture.

Besides these should be mentioned the High Court, which is 560 feet long, and the Post Office, opposite which is a superb white marble statue of her late majesty Queen Victoria, sculptured by Mr. Noble, R.A.

This statue, which is one of the finest monuments in the world, was the gift to Bombay of a wealthy Indian prince named the Gaekwar of Baroda. This

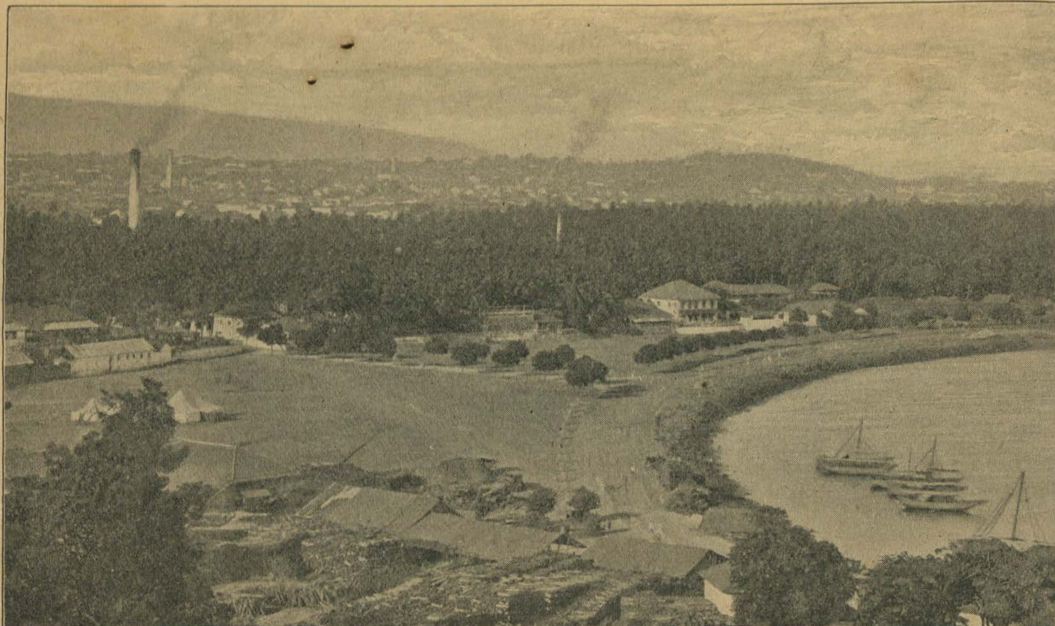


Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

VIEW OF BOMBAY.

generous prince also gave a beautiful Sailors' Home to the town.

THE STATION.

The best and finest building in Bombay is, strange to say, the railway station—the terminus of the Great India Peninsular Railway, which was finished in 1888. It has a large dome surmounted by a figure of Progress, which can be seen from all parts of the city.

This building is Italian in style, and is very artistically decorated in the interior. The offices, the refreshment rooms, the great central staircase, the waiting rooms are spacious and lofty and are highly decorated with coloured marbles. This station possesses every comfort and advantage for the railway traveller, and is a fitting monument of great prosperity.

THE MARKET.

The Crawford Market is full of picturesque interest. There are exposed for sale fish, flesh, vegetables, fruit, flowers and general provisions in separate and spacious buildings opening upon green and shady gardens and kept in admirable order and cleanliness.

A housewife, whether Hindu or European, finds printed lists at the gates giving the day's prices. She sees at once what she must pay for such fish—with strangely sounding names to English ears—as pomfret, surmange, jiptee, bonie or bheng, or for cocoanuts, plantains, limes and pomegranates. Bright-eyed Hindu boys are everywhere eager to carry customers' baskets with their purchases.

THE NATIVE STREETS.

From what I have said about these buildings, my readers will perceive that the part of Bombay which is inhabited by Europeans is remarkably handsome and very like the large towns to which we are accustomed.

But there are still the native streets to be traversed—streets full of colour and life, and thronged by the many races which I mentioned earlier in the chapter.

Up and down the Bhendi bazaar a tide of Asiatic humanity ebbs and flows. Crowds of Hindus, Gujeratis, Mahrattas and Parsees are always to be seen. Some dressed in gay tints, some with but scanty clothing.

Here are narrow, high, tumble-down houses with grotesquely painted stories projecting, and quaint shops, very small, but each holding four or five men and boys squatted at work.

Here are shops which sell embroidery, caps, cloth, sweetmeats, fruits, gold and silver work, carved boxes and cabinets, and in the midst of them are Hindu temples, mosques, clubs, theatres, and opium dens in wonderful confusion.

Innumerable carts drawn by sleepy oxen mix with English carriages and native carrying-chairs (called palanquins) and tramcars.

Amidst all this noise and clamour of voices, chattering and chaffering, the native lives and does all the work in public which the European does within doors.

The barber shaves his customer in the street, the teacher holds his class of Brahman boys where all the

world can see and hear, and the worshipper prays with clasped hands without fear or shame before his fellow men.

THE PARSEES.

The chief people among the natives in Bombay are the Parsees, who have a religion founded by Zoroaster. For this reason they often are called Zoroastrians.

Tradition says that Zoroaster was a disciple of the Hebrew prophet Daniel. His doctrine was pure and holy, and is summed up in three precepts—Good thoughts, good works, and good deeds—and of these the Parsee constantly reminds himself by the triple coil of his white cotton girdle which he always wears.

Parsees look upon God as the emblem of glory and spiritual life, and when they pray they either face the sun or stand before a fire as the most fitting emblem of the Deity. For this they are wrongly termed fire-worshippers — a statement which they themselves indignantly deny.

There is no doubt that the good deeds of the Parsees are much in evidence all over Bombay. Many of them are wealthy and give with a lavish hand to all charities and public works, as everyone may see by the existence of the Elphinstone College, the University Hall, two of the three Bombay hospitals and seven dispensaries.

A PARSEE FUNERAL IN BOMBAY.

These people have a peculiar manner of disposing of their dead. The bodies are placed on the top of buildings called Towers of Silence and eaten by vultures. These strange towers are built in the midst of a beautiful garden on the Malabar Hill.

It is approached by a long private road which leads to a flight of steps, at the summit of which is the house of prayer. In this house a fire burns and is never allowed to die down.

On the top of the Towers of Silence rows of hideous vultures congregate, waiting for their prey, which is placed on a platform. Within ten minutes not a particle of flesh remains. The skeleton is left for three weeks or more, however, when it is reverently placed in a well in the tower, where it turns into dust.

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

Six miles from Bombay and just across the harbour are the caves of Elephanta. This island reeks with mangrove swamps, where one may quickly catch fever. But its tropical vegetation is none the less very lovely.

The caves, which date from the tenth century A.D. are cut a good way up the hill, and a pious worshipper of Siva, the god of these cave temples, has carved out a wide staircase to ascend easily.

Mr. Edward Carpenter gives the following description of this wonderful temple:

"The Great Cave impressed me very much. I have not seen any other of these Indian rock-sanctuaries, but this one gave me a greater sense of artistic power and splendid purpose than anything in the way of religious architecture—be it mosque or Hindu temple—that I have seen in India."

It is about half-way up the hillside from the water, and consists of a huge oblong hall, 50 yards square, cut sheerly into the face of the rock, with lesser halls opening into it on each side. Huge pillars of rock,

boldly but symmetrically carved, are left in order to support the enormous weight above, and the inner roof is flat—except for imitations of architraves running from pillar to pillar.

The daylight, entering in mass from the front, and partly also by ingenious arrangement from the sides, is broken by the many great pillars, and subdues itself at last into a luminous gloom in the interior—where huge figures of the gods, 18 feet high, in strong relief or nearly detached, stand out from the walls all round.

"These figures are nobly conceived and executed, and even now in their mutilated condition produce an extraordinarily majestic effect, making the spectator fancy that he has come into the presence of beings vastly superior to himself."

THE INDUSTRIES.

Bombay is the second largest cotton port in the world. Its industries are many and various. Handloom weavers, workers in copper and brass, ply their trades in the open air. There are more than six thousand goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in precious stones.

Wood-carving is a distinctive art manufacture of Bombay and "Bombay inlaid work" is famous. Ornaments of all kinds are made with ivory and tortoise-shell, and the native bazaars are full of bric-a-brac of every description.

A HEALTH RESORT.

The summer resort of Bombay is Puna, which is the capital of the Mahrattas. The railway journey from Bombay is very interesting, and part of the time the train makes a steep ascent. In sixteen miles 2,000 feet are gained. The train dashes over viaducts,

dives into tunnels, tears along the edges of precipices which one shudders to look at, while every now and again one has lovely glimpses of the plains stretching far away, dotted with villages and rice grounds.

PUNA.

Puna, at least the European part of it, is quite a modern town, and is well laid out with fine streets planted with trees. There are good hotels and all that goes to make a summer resort pleasant. In the season a band plays frequently in the Victoria Gardens, which overlook the Mula River, and here beauty and fashion gather together.

At Puna one may buy for a mere nothing charming trinkets, curious fans, mats, embroidered slippers, lace, tinsels, and a hundred and one knick-knacks that Hindus are so clever at designing and making.

A HINDU TEMPLE.

One of the sights of Puna is the temple of Parvati, which is reached through the Hindu city.

A long and winding flight of stairs leads to the shrine on Parvati's Hill. So gradual is the ascent that an elephant with a burden of visitors can mount quite easily.

Here is the great silver image of a "god," with two wives made of solid gold plates—and overhead two great writhing snakes in silver and gold.

There is a famous horse-shoe window here from which the last of the native rulers of the Deccan watched the battle of Kirkee, when 18,000 native horsemen were routed by 2,000 Sepoys and 800 English under Colonel Burr. The view from this window is perfect—one long vista of hills, woods, and fields of the Deccan. In the dim distance are the blue Ghats.

CHAPTER IV.

MADRAS: THE HAPPY CITY.

MADRAS is the third important town of India as regards commerce, and is the capital of the oldest presidency. It is very straggling, and stretches for nine or ten miles along the coast, covering in all an area of nearly thirty square miles.

THE HARBOUR.

The stranger finds the harbour the first and greatest object of interest in Madras.

In spite of the fact that the two huge breakwaters encircling this harbour contain nearly a million tons of blocks of concrete, the severe hurricanes which beat against this shore are a terrible enemy, and sweep away half a mile of breakwater at a time, and at all times the surf is very great.

The natives are very daring and clever in the handling of their surf boats called "masulas," which are made of thin planks stitched with cocoa fibre to a very strong frame. They are rowed by about twelve men.

The native boat or Catamaran has been made familiar by models to most English people. It is merely a hollowed out log with a projecting outrigger.

Madras has a good pier and a lighthouse. The beach is generally full of natives and is an interesting sight to watch.

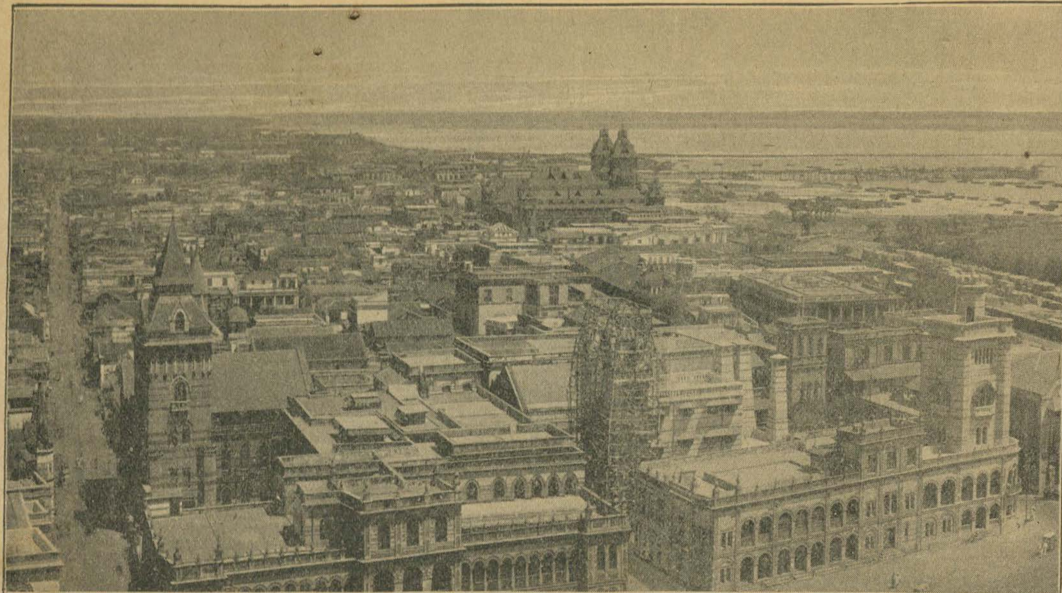


Photo: Weile & Klein, Madras.

MADRAS.

Madras is divided into Whitetown and Blacktown—names which explain themselves.

The little river Adyar, which finds the sea at Madras, is noted for being the washing ground of hundreds of "dhobies," men and women who wash clothes here by flapping them on stones and then laying them out to dry on the river sands close by. The whole scene is very picturesque, while the noise of the flapping is curious to hear.

THE LEGEND OF ST. THOMAS.

The story is told that St. Thomas lived and died at Madras, and a hill is named after him.

The Brahmans in 68 A.D. stirred up the people, who stoned and speared the great Apostle.

A cave is shown with a very narrow opening; through this the Saint pushed himself when pursued by the Brahmans. There is also the cell where he dwelt and where the ground is worn by his constant attitude of prayer.

THE PARK.

The offices of the Revenue Department and the Engineering College are situated in an old palace which once belonged to the Nabobs of the Carnatic, and which stands in the Chepak Park. It is a very interesting building as regards architecture.

There is also in the same park a very popular and interesting museum containing exhibits of fishes, shells, corals, sponges, and of local industries, such as Tanjore metal-work, Trichinopoly zinc-work, Bidri ware, Vizagapatam inlaid work, lacquer-work, South Indian fabrics, old jewellery, and arms.

The villages near Madras are famous for their

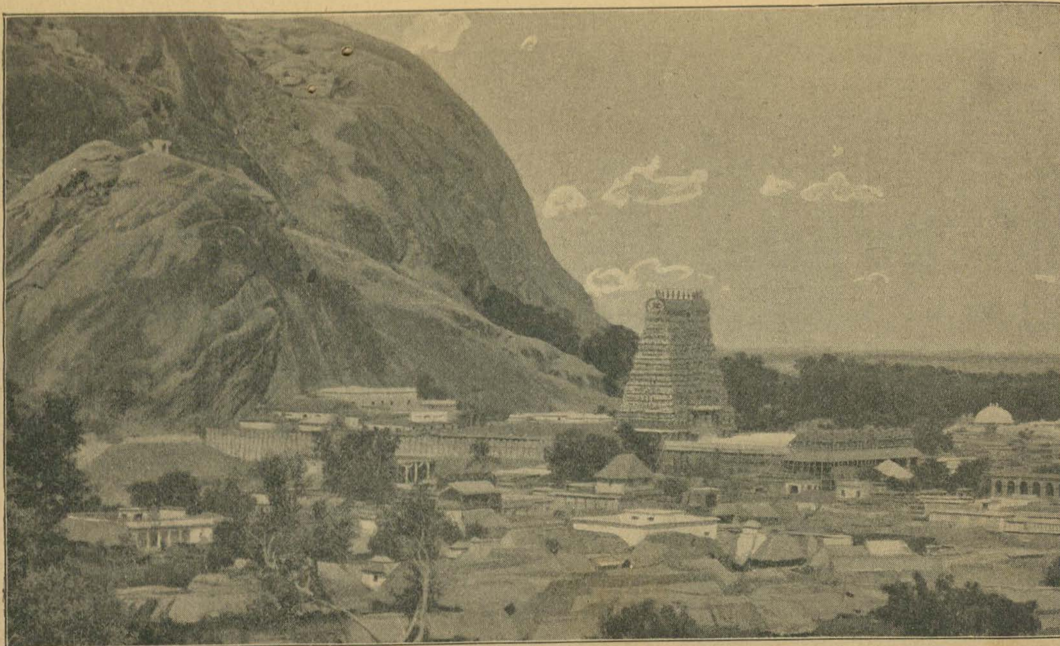


Photo: Weile & Klein, Madras.

VILLAGE NEAR MADURA.

splendid Coconada or Madras rugs, which are designed and woven by the Mohammedan descendants of Persian settlers, and some of these are exhibited also in the museum.

On the whole Madras is a very bright and pleasant capital, the suburbs are pretty and afford pleasant drives. The Hindu population are strikingly good-tempered, industrious and well clothed. One sees them laughing and chatting everywhere, and they seem to take a pleasure in life.

MADURA.

The presidency of which Madras is the capital, has also a religious capital called Madura.

Its kings can be traced back to before the Christian era, and it has a famous temple which is especially holy as being one of the chosen residences of the god Siva. It dates from the sixteenth century and contains a hall with a thousand pillars and a fine tank for bathing surrounded by beautiful arcades. The whole of the interior is finely carved.

THE PALACE.

There is another building in Madura which is said to have cost over five million pounds and which is very grand and elaborate.

It was built for the god Siva, who promised—so tradition says—to pay the king an annual visit of ten days, if a house worthy of his reception were built for him.

This palace is called the Pudu Mandapam and is now used by the Government for public purposes. The whole of its façade is ornamented with monsters



Photo: Weile & Klein, Madras.

THE FESTIVAL OF KOMBAKOMM.

trampling on elephants, men on rearing horses killing men or tigers, all sculptured and carved with great skill.

Madura has good wide streets, and Christianity is making steady progress in the district in spite of the wonderful festivals in honour of Siva which are still held.

THE FESTIVAL OF KOMBAKOMM.

At Kombakomm, one of the most important cities of the Madras presidency, there is an annual festival held at the great Mahamohan tank, which is one of the handsomest in India.

Its banks are covered with grand temples, flights of steps, and a very ancient pagoda built in red brick.

Large numbers of idol cars are there, and during the festival these are dragged by thousands of people.

The tank, too, is alive with bathers who purify themselves in its cool waters as unconcernedly as an Englishman takes his morning bath.

It is a curious sight to watch the men and women, old and young, and little children stepping down into the water with as matter of fact an appearance as a crowd comes out of a London church. Habit can accustom man to almost anything.

CHAPTER V.

CALCUTTA: THE CITY OF PALACES, AND ITS HEALTH RESORT.

VIEWED from the expanse of a fine, broad esplanade, Calcutta presents a stately show of buildings, which entitle it to the name of the "City of Palaces."

The word Calcutta is derived from the name of the goddess Kali, who was formerly worshipped at a shrine here.

Calcutta is the capital of all Bengal, being the sixth town which has in turn possessed that honour. The former capitals were, Gaur, Rajmahal, Dacca, Muddea, and Murshedabad.

Calcutta is situated on the left bank of the river Hugli, which river receives the great traffic of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra. This in itself is enough to make Calcutta a city of importance. Besides, however, two great railway systems, the Eastern Bengal and the East Indian, bring large quantities of goods for export.

THE VICEROY'S PALACE.

The Viceroy of India has his palace at Calcutta, and Government House is a fitting abode for his Majesty's representative.

This house consists of a great central building with entertaining and reception rooms, which are

connected by galleries with four outlying blocks containing the private rooms of the Viceroy and his family and of his numerous household.

These buildings are situated in lovely gardens which are often filled with the wealth and fashion of Calcutta on the occasion of the Vicereine's garden parties.

NATIVE SERVANTS.

Lady Dufferin, whose husband was Viceroy in India from 1885 until the end of 1888, has written a book entitled "Our Viceregal Life in India," in which she gives very interesting accounts of Government House and its domestic management.

She writes: "The principal servants in the house wear scarlet and gold. The 'khidmatgars,' or men who wait at table, have long red cloth tunics, white trousers, bare feet, white or red and gold sashes wound round their waists and turbans. The smarter ones have gold embroidered breastplates, and the lower ones have a D and coronet embroidered on their chests.

"We each have a 'jemadai,' or body servant, who attends to us at other times. Mine stands outside my door and sees to all I want, goes in my carriage with me, never leaves me until I am safe inside my room. I daren't move a chair unless I am quite sure the door is well shut, else he would be upon me, and I am sure he would even arrange my papers and my photographs for me.

"Nelly and Rachel have also their jemadais, and all the housemaids (and they are legion) are men with long red tunics, turbans, and gold braid—oh, so smart!—while every now and then in one's best

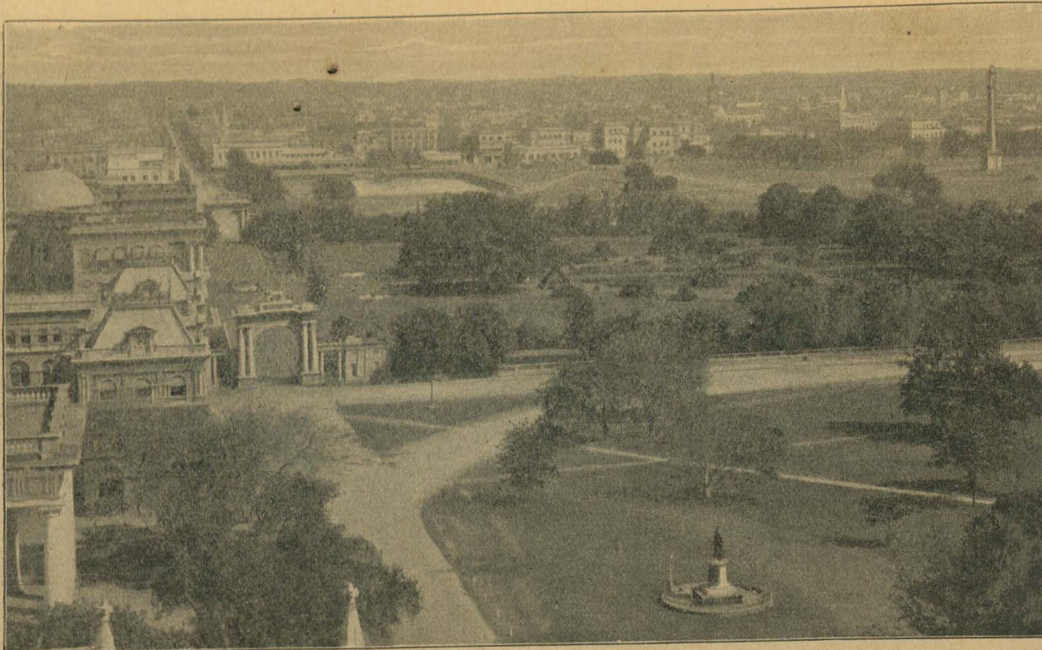


Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

VIEW OF CALCUTTA.

drawing-room, or in one's most private apartments, a creature very lightly clad in a dingy white cotton rag makes his appearance, and seems to feel as much at home there as his smarter brethren do. He is probably a gardener, and he most likely presents you with a bouquet of violets!

"Then we each have a magnificent sentry in the passage near our bedrooms—they are very tall men, in handsome uniforms; and then there are heaps of servants, 'some in rags, and some in tags, and some in no clothes at all!' One 'caste' arranges the flowers, another cleans the plate, a third puts candles into the candlesticks, but a fourth lights them; one fills a jug with water, while it requires either a higher or a lower man to pour it out.

"The man who cleans your boots would not condescend to hand you a cup of tea, and the person who makes your bed would be dishonoured were he to take any other part in doing your room. The consequence is that, instead of neat housemaids at work, when you go up to 'my lady's chamber,' you find seven or eight men in various stages of dress, each putting a hand to some little thing which has to be done."

CASTE.

This account gives an excellent idea of the way Anglo-Indian households are managed. There are hundreds of castes in India, and a man belonging to a higher caste than another will not eat with or even touch, if possible, the lower caste man. One man may draw water for the sahib to drink, but it requires another to fill the bath.

A story is told how at a levée several years ago, a



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

SHIPPING ON THE HUGLI.

certain Lieutenant-Governor put his hand on a Rajah's shoulder out of mere good fellowship. The native prince disengaged himself as quickly and as courteously as he could and hurried home to purify himself in a bath.

Opposite Government House is the Maidan, a public garden where several bygone Governors of India are represented in bronze statues sitting on war-horses.

BARRACKPUR.

A very pleasant excursion up the river from Calcutta, is by steam launch to Barrackpur Park, where stands the country mansion of the Viceroy enclosed in 250 acres of beautifully wooded ground.

On the way the river is crowded with shipping and all kinds of picturesque boats, laden with cotton, indigo, jute, timber, hay, dyewoods and grains. Costlier articles such as silk and opium are sent by train.

Beyond the Bridge of Boats, the Burning Ghat is passed. This is the cremation ground of the Hindus where they burn their dead.

HINDU FUNERALS.

The funeral pyre is made of dry wood mingled with the fragrant sandalwood. On this the corpse is laid and covered with more wood. The officiating priest reads suitable passages from the sacred books while the nearest living relative walks three times round the pyre and finally lights it.

The mourners wait for several hours until the cremation is quite finished, when the ashes are thrown into the Hugli, after which the relatives and friends



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE JAIN TEMPLE, CALCUTTA.

bathe to purify themselves from the contact with the dead.

As the steamer passes, one sees at least four or five funeral pyres with their various columns of smoke curling upwards.

ON THE RIVER'S BANKS.

Higher up, the river is less crowded, and villas are seen on the banks peacefully reposing under luxuriant foliage.

One would not have to search very far in the jungle behind the quiet little Bengalee villages, however, to find the dreaded tiger.

The house at Barrackpur is reached through a fine avenue of bamboos planted by Lady Lytton, the wife of Lord Lytton, one time Viceroy. The place is exquisitely kept, and the trees are not only very fine, but of infinite variety. Enormous roses grow in profusion, large blue convolvuli climb everywhere they can get a footing, heliotrope and sweet-smelling flowers fill the air with scent, and bushes of bright blossoms make the gardens a perfect show. The family house is in the centre of the park, while various bungalows are dotted about the grounds for the use of visitors.

SCENES IN CALCUTTA.

Calcutta is entirely a modern city, and old historic spots such as the Black Hole, and other places associated with the names of Clive and Warren Hastings, are now quite built over. It can boast of the most beautiful city drive in the whole world. It runs along the riverside and is much favoured of an evening by



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE BURRAH BAZAAR, CALCUTTA.

the leaders of fashion, both black and white. The river is crowded at this point by some of the finest sailing ships in the world, their masts standing out sharp and clear against the evening sky and adding to the beauty of an already picturesque scene.

THE GREAT BANYAN.

The Botanical Gardens of Calcutta situated outside the town are beautifully kept and are replete with the wonders of the Indian flora.

Here is to be seen one of the finest banyan trees in the world. When not more than a hundred years old the trunk was over 50 feet in circumference and one could count between two or three hundred aerial roots which have descended from the branches to the ground.

The native portion of Calcutta is very poor, consisting of mere lanes with mud huts. There are a good many Chinese among the Hindus, Bengalees, and Mohammedans.

THE ROAD TO DARJILING.

When the weather gets too hot for the white man, he packs up bag and baggage and goes up the hills to Darjiling.

The journey is a very strange and interesting one. The distance is but 246 miles, yet even the express takes twenty-four hours owing to the continual ascent.

As soon as the foot of the hills is reached a very light railway is used, and the line bends and turns to ease the ascent.

Sometimes it runs along the edge of tremendous

ravines and precipices. Sometimes it zigzags and the engine pushes and pulls alternately. At one time the line forms a letter eight.

In spite of the many curves and corners the travelling is perfectly smooth and easy. Dense forests broken here and there by sunny tea gardens are passed through and in the distance, far, far below, the fertile plain of Bengal stretches out with the sunlit rivers flowing through and tapering away like silver ribbons. It is a most delightful journey, and there is a certain excitement in sitting in the tail of the train and watching the engine twisting and turning.

DARJILING.

Darjiling is magnificently situated at the end of a long mountain, and is over 7,000 feet above Calcutta.

Kinchinganga, which is 5 miles high and 45 miles distant, stands out with its towering summits and snow against a perfectly blue sky. So clear is the air that the mountain seems quite near, and so high is it that one could not see its summit were one to approach any nearer.

The end of the mountain spur on which Darjiling is situated is called Observatory Hill, and standing there one can see many great heights of the vast Himalayan range. Such are Janu, 25,300 feet above the sea, Kabur 24,000, Pandim 22,000, Chomiano 23,300, Kamheujham 22,500, and Donkhia 23,200. Some of the largest glaciers and ice-fields in the world are found in this vast range of Himalayas, which extends for 200 miles.

Darjiling is an ideal place for Europeans, who

use it as a health resort and often send their children there. The temperature is never above 80 degrees or below 30. The place possesses a large convalescent home and numerous villas.

THE BAZAAR.

The bazaar at Darjiling is unique.

Sunday is market day, and hundreds of hill folk and tea coolies come to do their marketing and to enjoy themselves generally. So thoroughly do they do this that at noon the noise of their bartering can be heard for a mile.

When one of them makes a bargain all the bystanders get excited, gesticulate, and push one another about in a good-humoured way.

As usual, everything is done out of doors. One sees perhaps thirty barbers in a row trimming the shagged locks of as many customers. Near by are some lads playing shuttlecock with the soles of their feet which they nimbly turn up.

There are many tea plantations in the district, which give employment to several thousand coolies.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE GANGES.

PART I.—BENARES, ALLAHABAD, AND CAWNPORE.

It is difficult for people in this country to understand the reverence and love which the natives of India feel for the great river Ganges, which waters a vast plain stretching for 1,000 miles in length.

They call it "the Great Mother," and they believe that the Spirit of God has come down upon the water so that it brings a blessing upon the land by its banks, making it fertile for the crops of rice and barley, from which the people get their food, and affording green pastures for the cattle.

Along the valley of the Ganges there is a chain of great cities: Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, Mirzapur, Patna, Dacca, and Calcutta at its mouth, all crowded with temples and palaces built long centuries ago, but still the glories of India.

THE RIVER AND THE PLAIN.

The great river flows slowly onwards, with greenish water half a mile to a mile across, through a vast hot plain nearly three hundred miles in breadth, and from the railway line which threads its way from village to village and from city to city one may gaze over a flat, unpicturesque land, dotted with palm trees or clumps of mangoes, with fields of green barley, castor-oil plants, indigo, and white-blossomed poppies

growing as far as the river gives moisture to the soil, but further off, as far as the eye may reach, there are great stretches of brown sand where only a few scrubby trees grow, and tiny villages of mud huts are scattered over the plain, looking in the distance more like anthills than human dwellings.

Here all day long the hot rays of the sun pour down so that the air is filled with a shimmering haze of heat.

But at night when the great ball of fire drops below the horizon, the air is cool and fresh, and thousands of golden stars gleam out of a steel-blue sky, and the pale moon shines down upon the broad water of the Ganges, which looks now like a flowing river of burnished silver.

The life of the people beside the great river has changed but little for thousands of years.

In many of the villages the face of a white man is never seen, and the dark-skinned Indians pass their days in patient industry, tilling their fields and tending their cattle as their forefathers did long centuries ago.

Here one may see living pictures which remind one of scenes familiar to us in the story of the Old Testament. Let us glance at two or three such pictures:—

PICTURES IN THE VALLEY.

"Here are two peasants drawing water all day from the well to irrigate their rice-field; one guides the bucket down to the water, the other runs out on the long lever arm of a horizontal pole—holding on to the branches of a neighbouring tree as he does so—

and so brings the bucket up again. And thus they continue from earliest dawn to latest dusk, with a few hours' rest at midday."

"Here is one watering his fields by hand, carrying pots and emptying them over the thirsty plants—a fearful toil!"

"Here are two mild-eyed cows harnessed at the well mouth. The rope passes over a pulley and draws up a huge skin full of water as the cows recede from the well, and then as they remount the slight slope the skin again falls to the water. To and fro go the cows, one man guides them, another empties the skins into the water channel; and so day-long the work continues."

Very different are the scenes in the great and ancient cities.

BENARES.

Benares, "the sacred city" of India as it is called, is the one which most represents all that is old and picturesque in Indian native life.

It is, indeed, one of the oldest cities of the world, and ages before the name of Englishman was known, and when the inhabitants of our own island were painted savages, Benares was the centre of learning and civilisation in the Eastern world.

Here the great teacher named Buddha taught what he thought was the truth about God, years before the coming of Christ, and here wise and learned men wrote books full of ancient knowledge in the old Sanskrit language which is now no longer spoken.

Here also many great princes built temples and shrines in honour of the "gods," which still exist in some of their ancient splendour.

THE VIEW FROM THE RIVER.

The view of Benares from the river is one of the most wonderful sights in the world.

The bank slopes upwards from the waterside, and on the rising ground the city is piled up in one long line of crowded buildings, yellow palaces and golden temples, golden domes, glittering pinnacles, and houses of reddish-purple stone, all bathed in the warm sunlight and reflected brightly in the river.

And by the water's edge there are innumerable flights of stone steps leading up to some of those five thousand shrines which are said to exist in the city, and leading down to the sacred river where the people come to bathe as a religious duty, and to burn the bodies of the dead whose ashes they cast into the stream.

THE GHATS.

These stone steps divide the river-side into places called ghats, and these are always thronged by crowds of pilgrims who have come long journeys through India in order to wash themselves in the water of the great river which they believe to be sacred.

It is a strange sight to watch these poor people—many of them on the point of death, many of them old and feeble and wearied with journeying—step into the water, praying aloud that they may be healed of their infirmities, or that they may die in peace with a joyful hope of heaven.

Men and women, boys and girls, stand up to their waists in the river, pouring the water over their hair and necks and breasts.

The women come down to the waterside in their



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE MOSQUE OF AURUNGZEBE, BENARES.

everyday "saris," or muslin wraps, of many a bright colour of the rainbow, red and green, yellow and cream-coloured, like flowers in the field, but these they lay aside, and go into the water in more sad-coloured raiment. The men and boys, however, wear nothing but their loin-cloths, and the water gleams on their brown bodies as they wade into the great river.

THE BURNING OF THE DEAD.

But to the European the most impressive scenes at this riverside are those strange ceremonies connected with the burning of the dead.

Here at the bottom of the "burning ghats" (as the places are called which are set aside for this purpose), there are people who sell the "death-wood" for the funeral pyres, upon which the dead bodies are placed to be burnt.

Every day of the week one sees solemn little processions walking lowly to one of these places, with the corpse of so. man, woman, or child, which is put on the heaped-up wood.

Then oil is poured upon the dead body and a torch is set to the wood, which quickly catches fire, sending up a thin blue cloud of smoke.

The relations and friends sit round, not weeping or very sorrowful, for they believe that death is a happy release from a life of trouble to one of greater happiness, and they talk in low voices of the departed person, or stay silently watching the flames leap into the air.

It is a strange and weird spectacle, and to the European there seems something a little horrible in it.

But to the Indian people this watching of the fire



Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE BURNING GHATS.

seems a holy and beautiful duty, and when the ashes of the dead person are raked out of the glowing embers and thrown into the Ganges, which quickly carries them away upon its tide, the watchers return homewards hoping that when their own death comes their earthly bodies may be destroyed in this same way.

One very pretty and interesting religious custom of the Hindu people is to go down to the Ganges with brass trays loaded high with flowers—roses and jasmine blossoms—which are sent floating down the stream as an offering to the "spirit of the river."

THE BRASS-WORKERS.

These brass trays, as well as the little brass pots to hold the oil with which the women anoint themselves after bathing, are made in the coppersmiths' quarter of Benares, a very interesting part of the city.

It is crowded with little booths and stalls where all day long the tinkling of tiny hammers is heard beating out the delicate designs of the copper and brass-work pots, pans, trays and other artistic and useful things for which Indian workmanship is famous.

These art-craftsmen begin to learn their work at an early age, and it is curious to watch little boys of four and five years old using the hammer and chisel under the guidance of their father or grandfather with ardent delight and pride in their occupation.

THE TEMPLE OF MONKEYS.

Among the many temples of Benares one of the strangest is the Temple of the Monkeys.

It is dedicated to a fierce and bloodthirsty

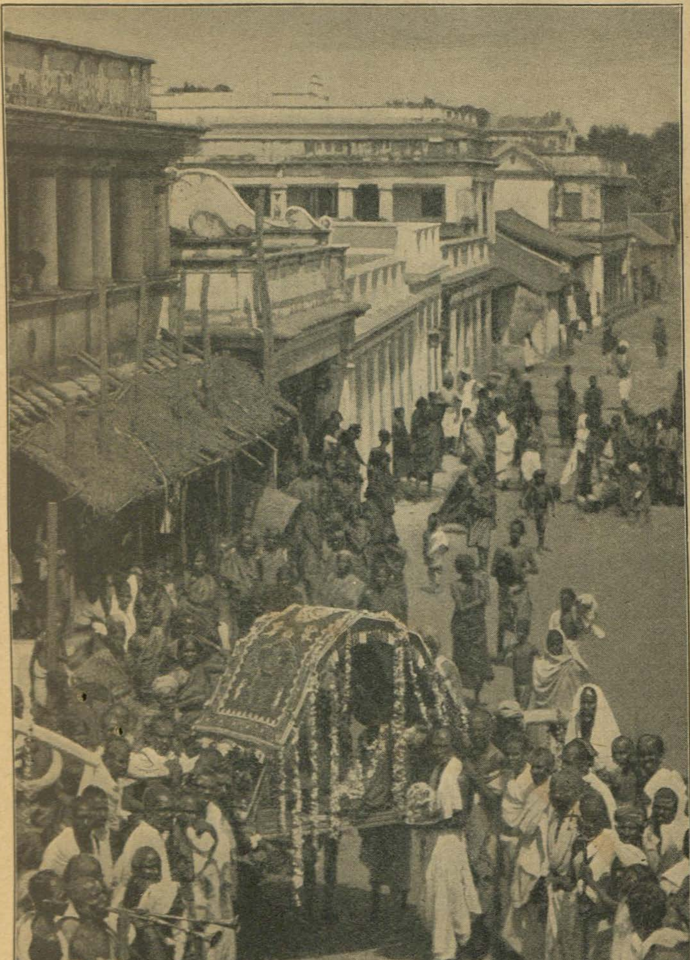


Photo: Weile & Klein, Madras.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION.

goddess called Durga, and the building is painted all over with a brilliant red, which has a glaring effect almost painful to the eyes in the bright sunshine.

Here inside the temple live scores of monkeys, who are fed by the priest because they are considered sacred animals.

But to the European these horrible caricatures of humanity do not seem to have anything sacred or holy about them!

All day long they rush about, fighting and jabbering with hideous tumult. Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, giving an account of his visit to this strange temple relates the following anecdote:

"A poor, sick monkey, beaten by all the others, sat crying with hunger at the top of a parapet. I called her for a long time, showing her some maize on a tray. At last she made up her mind to come down. With the utmost caution she reached me, and then, after two or three feints, she struck the platter with her closed fist, sending all the grain flying. Utterly scared, she fled, followed to her perch by a whole party of miscreants roused by the gong-like blow on the tray.

"Others stole into the temple to snatch the flowers while the attendant priest had his back turned; and when I left they were all busily engaged in rolling an earthenware bowl about, ending its career in a smash. In front of the temple the crimson just round a stake is the spot where every day the blood is shed of a goat sacrificed to the Divinity."



Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

FEEDING THE MONKEYS.

ALLAHABAD.

Between Benares and Allahabad, the next great city on the Ganges, is a sandy plain, bare of all vegetation but sparsely growing palm trees. But Allahabad itself is wonderfully fertile, being like a great garden all blooming with bright and fragrant flowers.

Yet in the midst of luxuriant palms and roses stands a fine city with a population of 150,000 people. It is very modern in appearance, with wide streets, well-built houses, and public pleasure-grounds.

Allahabad has a history going far back into the annals of the past. The oldest books of the Hindu religion—written many hundreds of years before the Christian era—mention the place, and as the centuries rolled by, new palaces and new temples were built on the ruins of old ones, and Mohammedan princes ruled in the place of Hindu princes whom they conquered and many of whose buildings they destroyed.

THE PILLAR OF ASOKA.

One of the relics still remaining in the city which reminds one of its ancient history is a strange pillar called the Lat of Asoka.

It stands thirty-three feet high and is three feet wide at the base, and upon this stone are written fourteen laws or "edicts" taken from the teaching of the great Buddha.

King Asoka, whose name is connected with this "lat" or column, came to the throne in the year 260 B.C. He was converted to the doctrine of Buddhism, and it was chiefly owing to his enthusiasm and life-long labours that the religion of Buddhism became so widespread in India.

BUDDHA'S TREE.

Near by the stone column is an underground temple where one may see the trunk of an old Bo-tree or fig-tree which is, by the Buddhists, supposed to be one of those trees so famous in the legends of Buddha, under which he sat and taught his disciples.

The temple itself is in utter darkness, and it is a strange experience to walk behind a native guide carrying a flickering torch which gleams with a red light upon the huge and strange-looking statues of the Hindu gods which fill the niches on each side of the vault.

AKBAR'S FORT.

One of the chief buildings in Allahabad, though by no means the most beautiful, is the fort built upon the spot where the two rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, join their waters.

It was built in the time of the Mohammedan Emperor Akbar, the great conqueror of the Hindu people in 1575 A.D., but now it is used as a powder-magazine and barracks for British soldiers.

It was at one time one of the most splendid buildings in India, but it has been spoilt by its present use, the fine carvings being painted over with whitewash, and its beautiful designs being destroyed to make room for modern conveniences of military life.

A RELIGIOUS FAIR.

Every January at the time of the new moon there is a great religious fair held at Allahabad.

It takes place on a strip of land close to the fort where the two rivers join, and here a village is built up every year of straw and bamboo huts, which is swept away regularly every season by the rains.

This strip of land is called the Mela, and the village is called Triveni. Almost as many pilgrims come here every year as to Benares, and they think there is a special blessing to be obtained from bathing in the waters of the two sacred rivers which here flow together.

A peculiar ceremony is observed during the time of the "holy fair." The pilgrims cut their hair while they bathe, and each hair as it floats down the stream is believed to carry away a sin and obtain forgiveness.

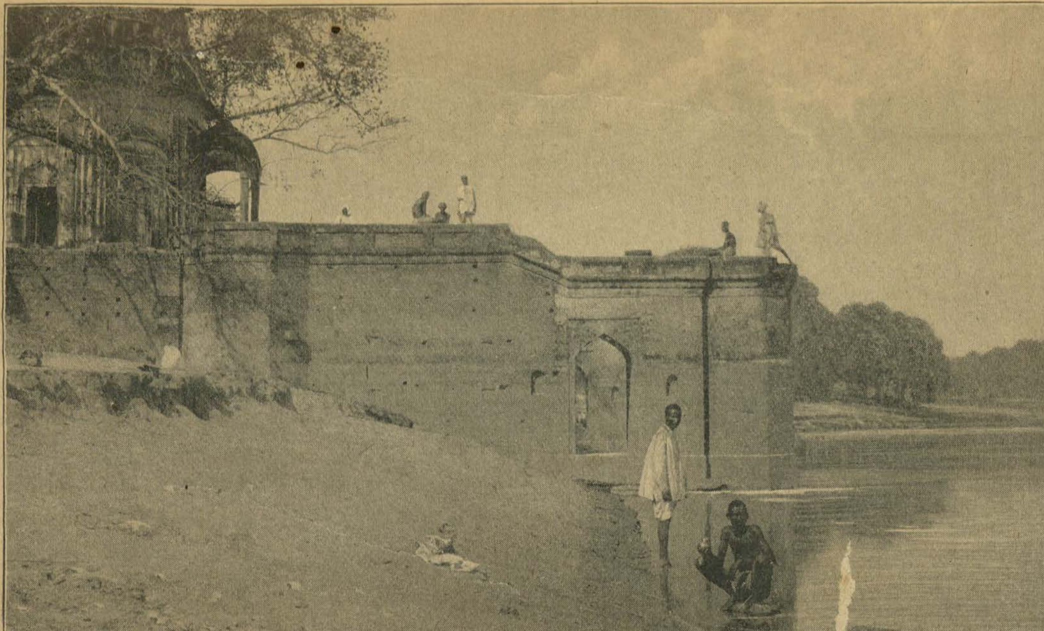
THE SCENE AT THE FAIR.

The Mash Mela, as the fair is called, is a noisy scene, full of strange characters and strange costumes. Strangest of all are the fakirs, or religious fanatics, who come in great numbers, some having crawled across India on hands and knees, some having come down from the Punjab measuring their length on the ground at every three steps, some with arms held rigid above their heads, some standing in a trance by the side of the river, and others grovelling in the dust —all naked, dirty, and as thin as skin and bones.

These strange persons are jostled by priests, musicians, pilgrims, beggars, and poor deformed creatures who hope to be healed of their infirmities in the cleansing waters of the sacred rivers. A strange shifting crowd that one remembers as if it were a vivid and fantastic dream!

CAWNPORE.

The next large town on the Ganges after Allahabad is one which will always be remembered in connection with one of the darkest incidents in the history of the Empire.



Phot. : Kapp & Co., Calcutta.

THE MASSACRE GHAT CAWNPORE.

THE MUTINY.

At Cawnpore, on May 14th, 1857, news was brought that the regiment of native soldiers stationed at Meerut had revolted against their British officers, and that this was a signal for other native regiments to rise in mutiny.

The British garrison at Cawnpore took advantage of this warning to entrench themselves in their barracks with their wives and children.

It was none too soon, because on June 6th all the native troops under their leader, Nana Dundhu Panth, commonly called Nana Sahib, broke into open mutiny, and rushed through the city with flaming torches, setting fire to all the great public buildings.

Then they surrounded the European entrenchments with heavy cannon and opened fire upon the barracks. Day and night for three whole weeks the cannonade never ceased, and it became clear to the brave English soldiers that they could not hold out much longer.

Their sufferings were terrible. Scarcely a man among them was unwounded, but worst of all was the terrible thought that they could not for long defend the women and children from falling into the hands of the merciless foe.

At last, when the whole garrison were in danger of dying from thirst through lack of water, the British officers received a message from Nana Sahib promising that if the Europeans would surrender their lives would be spared and they would be sent by boats in safety to Allahabad.



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

THE MASSACRE.

The Europeans, trusting in these promises, left their entrenchments and came down to the bank of the Ganges to embark in the boats, but before they could put off, the native soldiers, who were swarming on either side of the river, opened a treacherous fire upon them, killing a large number, and capturing all who remained alive except one boat-load, some of whom managed to escape. The prisoners, including many women and children, were taken to a house at Cawnpore where they were all murdered, and afterwards, by the order of the infamous Nana Sahib, their bodies were cast into a deep well.

Two weeks afterwards, General Sir Henry Havelock, with a small force of British soldiers who had been marching towards Cawnpore with desperate haste, cut through the Sepoy regiments and entered the city. But it was too late. They came only in time to learn with horror and grief of the terrible fate which had befallen the garrison.

Sir Henry Havelock was besieged himself by Nana Sahib and his Sepoys, until General Outram reached the city on his way to the relief of Lucknow.

In the following November Cawnpore was again attacked by mutineers, and they captured it from the British force.

But it was only in their hands for one night. The next day General Colin Campbell marched into the city with his Highlanders and routed out the rebels, defeating them heavily and capturing all their guns.

THE MEMORIAL.

On the bank of the Ganges where the massacre of the Europeans took place, beautiful gardens are now laid out, and over the well where the dead bodies were thrown, a mound has been raised surrounded by a wall with iron gates. In the centre of this is the figure of an angel in white marble with arms crossed upon her breast.

Over the gate are the words, carved in stone: "These are they which came out of great tribulation"; and round the wall is the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhundu Panth of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

THE INDUSTRIES OF CAWNPORE.

Cawnpore is to a large extent a modern city, and for this reason is not so picturesque as the older places like Benares. It has many fine European buildings including large barracks for the native infantry and cavalry regiments.

The chief industry of the town is the manufacture of leather goods, and it possesses two large cotton mills where native cloths, tents, and other goods are made.

It is also a great market for the grain which comes down from the province of Oudh, to be collected here for sale and sent off again by railway to different parts of India.

LUCKNOW.

Lucknow, though in the valley of the Ganges, is not actually on the great river, but on one of its branches called the Gumti.

This is another town whose name one cannot hear without thinking of the dreadful scenes—heroic scenes also—of the Mutiny.

THE WARNING.

The garrison at Lucknow consisted chiefly of native regiments, numbering 7,000 men, and as there were only 750 European soldiers they were outnumbered by nearly ten to one.

Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oudh (of which province Lucknow is the capital) was residing at that time in the city, and, warned by the massacre of British officers at Meerut, he immediately gave orders for the Residency, as the Governor's palace was called, and one or two other large buildings, to be fortified as strongly as possible against attack and to be stored with provisions in case of need.

THE RISING.

These precautions were not in vain. On the 30th of May, 1857, the native soldiers of the 71st infantry regiment began to burn the houses of the British officers, and to murder those who fell into their hands; shortly afterwards they were joined by the 7th cavalry regiment.

Sir Henry Lawrence acted with prompt courage, and collecting his British soldiers and as many loyal natives as he could rely on, attacked the mutineers, and chased them for ten miles in full retreat.



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE MARTINIÈRE, LUCKNOW.

But although Lucknow remained in British hands there was a gloomy outlook. Every other military post in Oudh had been overpowered by rebels, and the native regiments still left at Lucknow began to show unmistakable signs of mutiny.

On June 11th all doubt was at at end, when all the native regiments except the artillery rebelled against their officers' orders, and marched out to join a force of mutineers who were advancing upon Lucknow.

Sir Henry Lawrence again gave battle to the enemy, who numbered 7,000 men, but the native artillery, whom he had relied upon for loyalty, turned traitors, so that the General and his little European force had to fall back upon Lucknow.

THE LONG SIEGE.

They retreated to the Residency, where all the European inhabitants of the town had taken refuge. On the following day, July 1st, the long siege began which was to continue for seventeen weeks.

On July 2nd a new disaster happened.

As Sir Henry Lawrence lay on his bed for a short spell of sleep, a shell fired by the enemy crashed into the room and wounded the General mortally. He lingered in great suffering until the morning of the 4th, when he died the death of a soldier.

Sir Henry Lawrence should always live in the grateful memory of his countrymen for his great services to our Indian Empire.

Brigadier Inglis succeeded to the command of the Residency, and bravely carried out the defence.

The sufferings of the besieged were very great,

especially for the ladies and children, but all endured their trials with wonderful courage and cheerfulness, each one endeavouring to set a good example by patience, unselfishness and a brave face.

THE FIRST RELIEF.

On September 5th, nearly a month since the beginning of the siege, a faithful native messenger succeeded in getting into the Residency at the risk of his life, and brought the comforting news that Generals Outram and Havelock with a small British army were advancing steadily to the rescue.

But it was not until seventeen days afterwards that the glorious sounds of British bugles were heard by the anxious ears of the besieged garrison.

It was Sir Henry Havelock at last with the relief force! With him was General Outram, his superior officer, who with a splendid generosity had yielded the command of the relieving army to Sir Henry Havelock in order that the latter, who had been first in the field, might not be deprived of the great honour and happiness of rescuing the garrison.

There were three days' hard fighting before the two heroes could force their way through the narrow streets of Lucknow to the Residency, and the thankfulness of the soldiers at finding they were not too late to save their fellow-countrymen with their wives and children, as well as the gratitude of those who had been besieged, found a vent in natural tears of joy.

But even now their troubles were not at an end; Havelock's and Outram's brave fellows had cut their way through the mutineers, but these still

surrounded the town in great force, and held various great buildings and other places which they had made into strongholds and believed to be impregnable.

These were "The Martinière," a college for boys, named after its founder, General Martin, who served under Lord Clive in the old days of the East India Company, the Alambagh, a walled garden on the Cawnpore road, the Dilknoha Palace in the south-east of the town, and the Sikandra Bagh, the chief fortification of the rebels.

These places are still pointed out by native guides, and are, after the Residency, the chief places of interest in Lucknow to the European visitor.

All through September and October the British force guarded the Residency from repeated attack. Rations had become very scarce, and men, women, and children were beginning to fear a terrible death by starvation.

THE SECOND RELIEF.

At length on November 10th the shrill screech of bagpipes clamouring up the valley sent a thrill of joyful expectation through every heart.

It was Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders come to the rescue, none too soon.

Street by street, stronghold by stronghold, Sir Colin forced his way through Lucknow, driving the mutineers to bay and defeating them and punishing them severely.

On November 16th he reached the outskirts of the Residency, where Sir Henry Havelock, ill and weak through the long trial of the siege, rode out to greet him with a handgrip that meant much to both these heroes.



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

MANUFACTURING OPIUM.

A few days later General Havelock died and was buried in a garden of the Alambagh, which had been the scene of the fiercest fighting. A gallant soldier and a saintly man, the news of his death was received by all English-speaking people with a deep and sincere grief. And to-day Havelock's name is remembered with those of Britain's dearest heroes who have laid down their lives in the service of their country.

Having related at some length the story of the Mutiny in Lucknow, it is now necessary to give one's attention to the city in which these stirring events took place.

MODERN LUCKNOW.

Lucknow has the largest population of any town in India (with the exception of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay), containing nearly 300,000 inhabitants.

It is a very wealthy and prosperous city, with many public buildings of great magnificence. These are nearly all modern—that is to say they have been built during the past century, which is not very long ago, compared with cities like Benares, which have buildings many hundreds of years old.

The public gardens and suburbs of the town are very beautiful, but most of the palaces and temples built by Mohammedan princes are not considered to be in the best style of architecture.

THE MOSQUE.

The most beautiful building in Lucknow, however, is the Jumma Musjid, or Cathedral Mosque, a spacious building crowned with two great domes, and on either side of its imposing frontage two tall and slender towers

called "minarets" point upwards into the sky, forming landmarks which may be seen from any part of Lucknow.

THE NATIVE STREETS.

The native streets of Lucknow are the most interesting part of the town, and in the Great Bazaar or market, which consists of row upon row of tiny shops, one may see thousands of Indian workmen busy with all sorts of curious and artistic trades.

First come the silversmiths and goldsmiths, and it is interesting for the visitor to watch these men sitting on the floor of their workshops, which are open at the front, engraving beautiful designs upon the pots, jugs, basins, bowls, trays, and boxes, which are sold by weight.

Then there comes the potters, who make the famous Indian tobacco pipes called "hookahs," and every kind of earthen vessel for domestic use. At these shops one may also buy the clay figures which one may often see in English houses as souvenirs of a visit to India, representing the many different kinds of native servants dressed up in muslins and silks in excellent imitation of life.

Very interesting are the shops of gold and silver wire-makers, where little pieces of the precious metals are drawn out into thin wire threads, which are used for making into lace and embroidery. It is said that one rupee, a silver coin about the size of a two-shilling piece, is drawn out to 800 yards of wire.

The visitor may see one of the uses to which this gold and silver wire is put, in the shoe and slipper bazaar, where the leather and silk foundations of the

shoes are stitched with elaborate designs of wire embroidery.

In the jewellery bazaar, one may see the native jewellers cutting diamonds and precious stones, and making bracelets and bangles of enamelled gold studded with gems.

The cotton bazaar is full of brightly-coloured cloths woven and printed by hand, and so fine and soft to feel, and delicate in colour, that they are worth twice the price of the cotton goods which are produced from the mills of Manchester in spite of their wonderful machinery.

In the Great Bazaar of Lucknow, there is yet to be seen the brass-workers' and tinsmiths' quarter, which resounds with the clatter of pots and pans, the cook-shops which give forth strange odours of Indian sweetmeats made of honey and flour, and of the flat bread-cakes called "chupatties," which take the place of the English loaf to the Indian people; and lastly the tailors' quarter, where greybearded men in loose muslin garments sit cross-legged on their mats stitching all day at bright silks and embroidered velvet.

AN OPIUM DEN.

In the native quarter of Lucknow, the European visitor may see sights less pleasant than the busy scenes described.

In the narrow little streets are many houses where men and women, heavy-eyed and stupid-looking, go to smoke themselves into a sleep full of strange dreams, with that terrible drug called opium.

This is produced from poppy-seeds, and is a thick, treacly liquid, which is generally mixed with tobacco

and smoked in long-stemmed pipes, lighted from a small charcoal fire in the centre of the room, where the people come to indulge in the vice.

It is the most horrible form of intoxication, and once having acquired a taste for the drug, people find it almost impossible to break themselves of the habit.

"Once in the clutches of this fiend," says a traveller, who has described a visit to one of these opium-dens, "everything gives way to his fierce promptings. His victim only works to get more money for opium. Wife and children, home, health, and life itself at last, are all sacrificed to this degrading passion. It is said that every night in Lucknow, twelve thousand at least smoke themselves drunk with this awful drug."

CHAPTER VII.

THE VALLEY OF THE GANGES.

PART II.—AGRA AND DELHI.

ONE of the most beautiful, and perhaps the most interesting town of all India, is Agra, which stands on the great arm of the Ganges known as the river Jumna.

Its population is nearly 200,000, crowded within the ancient walls of the city, which encloses an area of about eleven square miles.

For many hundreds of years Agra was the capital of the Great Mogul Empire, and ruins still remain of old palaces, which date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

But most of the great buildings which now exist were erected by Akbar the Great, and his successors, the Emperors Jahangir and Shah Jehan, who reigned during the end of the sixteenth until the middle of the seventeenth centuries.

THE SANDSTONE FORT.

It was Akbar the Great who built the Sandstone Fort in 1566, which is still one of the most splendid fortresses in the world.

It covers an area of a mile and a half, and its walls are no less than seventy feet high surrounded by a wide moat. This is crossed by a heavy drawbridge

leading to the only entrance to the fort, called the Delhi Gate.

THE PEARL MOSQUE.

As one passes through this, an object of the most perfect beauty greets the eye.

It is the famous Moti Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, which was the private house of prayer of the Emperors.

So dazzlingly white are the marble walls and domes, archways and pillars, of this lovely building, that in the sunshine one cannot look at it with uncovered eyes, and it is necessary for the visitor to wear coloured glasses.

THE COURTYARD OF THE FORT.

A little distance past the Pearl Mosque is the great square of the Sandstone Fort, surrounded by open cloisters, where in former days the people of Agra were allowed to stand and watch elephant fights and other sports provided for the amusement of the Emperors.

On one side of the square is the public audience hall supported by pillars painted white and gold.

In the centre of the hall is a marble throne enclosed within a canopy all inlaid with precious gems, where the Emperors used to sit and listen to their great officers administering justice.

In 1876, the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., King of England and Emperor of India, sat on this very throne of the Great Moguls, and held a "durbar" or reception of the native princes and nobles of our Eastern Empire.

On the other side of the square is the private

audience hall adjoining the palace of the former Emperors.

The terraces, corridors, and chambers are built of pure white marble, so delicately carved that in some parts it seems like hanging lace, and the pavilion called the Jasmine Tower—and the other buildings of the Harem, where the Emperor's ladies used to live, are among the most beautiful specimens of architecture that may be seen in India.

There is one very curious building close to the shady garden where the ladies used to play. It is called the Palace of Glass, and contains a large bath-room, the walls and ceilings of which are made out of thousands of small round mirrors which give innumerable reflections.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

The most famous building in Agra, however, stands outside the Sandstone Fort in a lovely garden, shady with orange and lemon trees, tall palms and flowering Eastern plants of rich colour and fragrant scent; where the cool splash of fountains dripping into marble basins is the only sound that disturbs the perfect peace of this place of solitude.

A gateway of rich red sandstone gives entrance to this garden and leads into an avenue of tall and mournful cypress trees.

At the far end of the avenue, framed in the dark green foliage of these cypresses, stands a building that seems like some vision of loveliness or some fairy palace conjured up in the "Arabian Nights."

This is the Taj Mahal, the great tomb built by the

Emperor Shah Jehan over the body of his best-beloved wife—Arjamand Banu Begum.

On a great marble platform more than three hundred feet square, and eighteen feet above the level of the garden, with a tall tapering "minaret" or tower at each of the four corners, stands this snow-white shrine crowned by a dome of soft and delicate beauty. And behind it, across a marble courtyard, are two sandstone mosques with marble domes, which rise like crystal globes upon each side of the wonderful shrine.

The milk-white walls of the Taj Mahal are carved into panels covered with tulips, lilies, and other flowers cut in the marble with exquisite skill.

And inside the building the Emperor and his Queen lie side by side in tombs glittering with gems, while the sunlight filters in upon them through screens of marble trellis work as finely carved as if it were the most delicate of lace.

To build this tomb, which the Emperor designed to be as an everlasting remembrance of his well-beloved wife, twenty thousand men were forced to labour for twenty-two years, and from all parts of the world came gems and precious stones to be inlaid with the marble.

The time in which this tomb was built was one when men had fierce passions, and although they loved well, yet they hated much, and their anger was often followed by deeds of bloodshed. Therefore the following old legend which is told about the Taj Mahal, is not out of keeping with the spirit of the age, although perhaps it is not quite true.

It is said that when the last stone was placed, the

Emperor sent for the architect and went with him to the top of the building.

"Could you design another tomb as beautiful as this?" he asked. And when the architect made answer that he would do his best, the Emperor, who desired that the monument should have no rival, caused the man to be thrown into the Jumna, where he was dashed to pieces at the foot of his beautiful work, which now remains unique.

THE ART OF AGRA.

The chief art-work produced at Agra is Indian mosaic, and in the bazaars one may buy (if one has the money!) many souvenirs of this wonderful city in the shape of trays, boxes, paper-weights and other objects, made of white marble inlaid with crushed agates, cornelians, bloodstones, pearls, crystals, turquoise, garnets, sapphires, and other precious gems.

DELHI.

On the banks of the river Jumna, about a hundred miles above Agra, is the ancient city of Delhi.

Fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, history tells us the city existed, and all around for fifteen miles the traveller passes through the ruins of seven other ancient cities with magnificent palaces, temples and mosques, with huge fortresses and the crumbling remnants of great walls, which tell a story of the past, when, in the valley of the Jumna and the Ganges, an ancient civilisation flourished, decayed and died.

RELICS OF AN ANCIENT PAST.

The traveller who leaves the modern city and explores the ruins of "Old Delhi" is astonished and impressed by such monuments as the Kutab Muiar at Lalkot, a circular tower soaring upwards thirty-eight feet, like an enormous lighthouse watching over the plain below.

It is a tower of victory, built about the year 1210 A.D., by the Mohammedan prince who conquered the Hindus and founded the dynasty of the Great Moguls.

It is supposed to be the most perfect tower in the world, and the highest after the famous Campanile at Florence, which was built about the same time.

Near by is an old Hindu fortress with walls thirty feet high, erected about the time when William the Conqueror came over to our country.

In the same place is a tall iron pillar weighing about six tons, with an inscription which proves that it was put up in this spot only 360 years after the death of Christ.

Older still is the ruined city of Indrapat, founded 2,000 years B.C., with walls still standing which learned men say are as old as 1,500 years B.C. Here one may walk through deserted streets in which the grass grows, past silent mosques, great tombs and dark fortresses which once echoed with the tumult of a busy city, but which is now as desolate as the lonely plain beyond.

MODERN DELHI.

Such are the scenes round the present city of Delhi, which now possesses the prosperity and magnificence and crowded population such as once

belonged to the "dead cities," as they are called, whose stones are strewn along the valley.

The high street of Delhi is called the Chandni Chauk, or Silver Street, a broad thoroughfare seventy-four feet from side to side, and nearly a mile in length. It is lined with fine shops and business houses, where all the different kinds of Indian art-work are for sale, and especially the famous Kashmir shawls, gold and silver embroidery, metal-work, jewellery, and carpets which tempt the rich European to spend his money freely.

INDIAN "TOUTS."

The native merchants employ agents to keep on the look-out for wealthy-looking visitors. Mr. W. S. Caine, in his book entitled "Picturesque India," tells how these men swoop down upon every stranger "like swarms of flies, pestering him to come and see their wares, cramming cards and circulars into his unwilling hands, screaming in the same breath the praises of their own shops, and the most terrible slanders of their opponents. These people wake you in the morning, hang about you at breakfast, swarm round the hotel doors and verandahs, ride on the steps of your carriage, take short cuts, and come upon you unawares when you fondly hope you have got rid of them at last, and finally assemble at the railway station to curse you when you leave. Stony indifference is the only treatment."

THE PALACE.

One of the most famous buildings in Delhi is the old Palace of the Moguls, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan who erected the Taj Mahal at Agra.

It was originally the most magnificent palace in the world, but unfortunately the British Government turned it into a great barracks for our soldiers, and pulled down many of the most beautiful buildings which formerly existed within its walls. Even now, however, the Pearl Mosque, the Emperor's audience halls, the baths and the zenana, or ladies' apartments, are standing in their ancient splendour, and the visitor is lost in amazement at the wonderful carving of the marble and perfect beauty of the architecture.

THE PEACOCK THRONE.

In the centre of the private hall of audience there stands a white marble dais or platform on which there was formerly placed a seat called the peacock throne.

It was a marble chair between two finely-carved peacocks, whose tails were studded with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and precious gems of every hue, in exact imitation of the glorious colours in the tail of the living bird.

Above the throne was a peacock carved out of a single emerald. This extraordinary throne, which is said to have valued nearly five million pounds, was broken up and its jewels sold by one of the Emperors in 1739 in order to replenish his treasury.

THE JAMA MUSJID.

Next in importance to the old palace or fort is the Jama Musjid, the great Mosque of Delhi.

It is the largest and finest mosque in the world, and was also built by that great Emperor-builder, Shah Jehan.

It is built in red sandstone inlaid with marble,

and stands on a great rock between the fort and the main city. It is approached by flights of steps leading up to three great gates and then into an open court-yard four hundred and fifty feet square. At the end of this square stands the mosque itself, covered in with three marble domes of creamy whiteness, like enormous pearls, guarded on each side by a tall minaret.

THE MUTINY AT DELHI.

When the mutiny broke out at Meerut, a town lying thirty-five miles north-east of Delhi, the mutineers, who numbered 2,357 men, murdered about thirty-seven Europeans, and then set off on the road to the great city on the Jumna.

They arrived at Delhi early next morning, and making their way through the gates, which could not be closed until too late, they dashed through the streets with naked swords, yelling with excitement, and mad with drink.

Then began their work of murder in the streets, and several officers and ladies were killed before they could take refuge in the fort.

The native soldiers belonging to the garrison now delivered over their officers to the mutineers, and at the Kashmir Gate many of these unfortunate gentle-men were slain without mercy.

THE HEROES OF THE MAGAZINE.

But two young lieutenants named Willoughby and Forrest, and six non-commissioned officers, barricaded themselves in a part of the barracks where the powder magazine was placed, and this they determined to defend at the cost of their lives.

If this large store of gunpowder fell into the hands of the mutineers it would have been an even more terrible disaster than what had already taken place, and the two lieutenants and their comrades immediately decided to sacrifice themselves in order to prevent the capture of the magazine.

Inside the gate that led to the barracks two guns were placed loaded with a double charge of grape-shot, and two non-commissioned officers —Sub-conductor Crow and Sergeant Stewart, stood by with lighted matches ready to fire directly the mutineers appeared.

Eight other guns were placed in position to guard the approach to the powder stores, and a train of gunpowder was laid from the magazine to a large lime-tree in the barrack yard.

Here a brave gunner named Conductor Scully stationed himself, and agreed to set a match to the train when Conductor Buckley should raise his hat as a signal that the time was at hand to sacrifice their lives by blowing up the magazine.

It was not long before a howling mob of excited Sepoys made a rush upon the gate and demanded the surrender of the powder stores.

The answer was a sharp and short one; Stewart and Crow set their matches to the touch-holes of the guns, and in an instant the double report boomed out; a horrible hissing rent the air, and the shrieks and groans of the Sepoys showed that the grape-shot had done its awful work.

But the mutineers were only checked for a few moments; being constantly reinforced by fresh bands of rebels, they kept up an incessant

fire of musketry upon the little band of British soldiers.

AN UNEQUAL FIGHT.

For five hours those eight brave men kept to their posts, and although not one of them remained unwounded, they managed to load and fire the guns time and time again, shattering the enemy's ranks and keeping them at bay. But the end was not far off.

Their supply of shot was being rapidly exhausted, and when the last charge had been rammed home and fired they could hold out no longer.

Then came the final act of heroism by which those eight men earned undying honour.

THE EXPLOSION.

Buckley was down with a bullet above the elbow, but Lieutenant Willoughby took his place, and, quietly raising his hat, gave the last signal agreed upon.

Conductor Scully fired the train. A lightning flash whipped across the yard from the solitary lime-tree—a dull crash told what was coming—a column that was flame, flash, smoke, shot, shell and stones, blended into one terrible mass, rose in the air high above the city, which was shaken to its foundations.

The magazine was blown up, the cartridge barrels half sunk in the earth were torn from their places and their contents flung far and wide in a leaden shower, and as the high wall fell, it crushed nearly a thousand rebels beneath its ruins.

By almost a miracle, four of the heroes who had done this magnificently brave deed actually escaped from the scene and made their way to Meerut, where

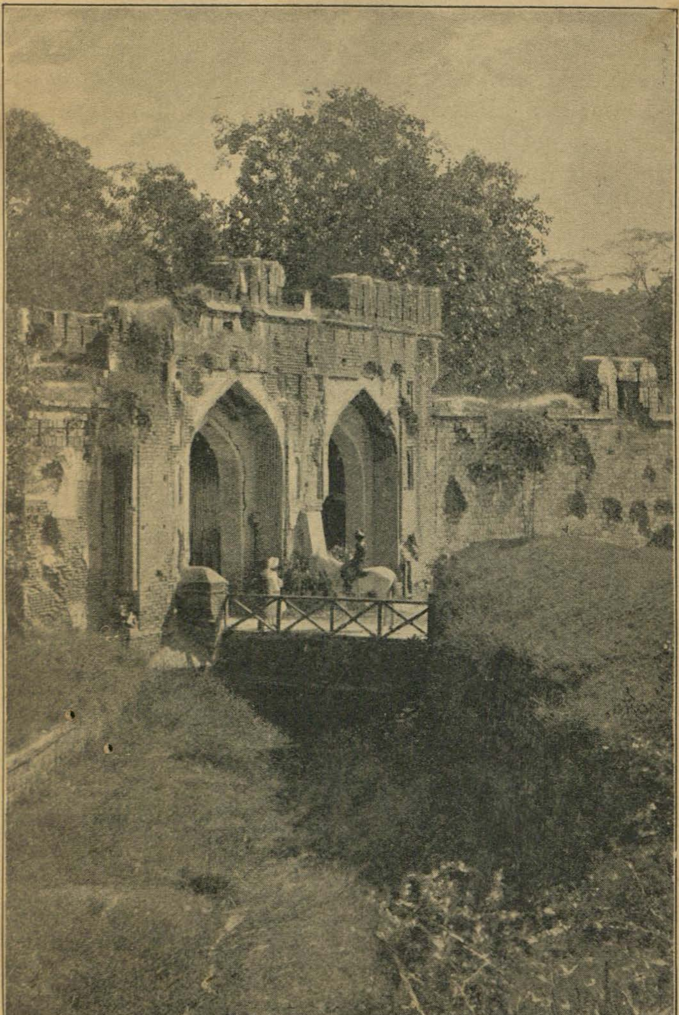


Photo: Bourne & Shepheerd, Calcutta.

THE KASHMIR GATE, DELHI.

three of them—Forrest, Raynor and Buckley—arrived to tell the tale.

But the gallant Willoughby, who had also survived, did not get so far. He was set upon as he passed through a village, and slain without mercy by the Indian peasants.

Never, however, will his name be forgotten in English history, together with those other comrades who offered up their lives in the service of their country.

During the greater part of the mutiny—from May 11th to September 20th—Delhi remained in the hands of the mutineers, but very shortly after they had gained possession of the city a British force marched against them and kept them in a state of close siege for four months, until gate by gate, and street by street, Delhi was at last recaptured by our gallant soldiers.

THE KASHMIR GATE.

One of the most heroic incidents in the history of the siege was the attack on the famous Kashmir Gate.

Two columns of infantry had been ordered to assault the breaches, and the third, consisting of 250 men of the 52nd Foot, and 750 native infantry, was to await the blowing up of the Kashmir Gate, and then to force its way into the city at the point of the bayonet.

The explosion party which was under orders to do the desperate deed at the Gate, mustered in the full light of a fine morning, and advanced across the broken bridge under a fire from the picked marksmen at the wicket that rendered it little short of miraculous that one returned to tell the tale.

They were Lieutenants Duncan Home and Philip Salkeld of the Bengal Engineers; Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Corporal Burgess of the same corps; a "havildar" and eight privates of the Bengal Sappers and Miners; and Bugler Robert Hawthorne of the 52nd, a young Irish lad from Londonderry, whose duty it was to sound the advance when the gate was blown in.

THE TERRIBLE TASK.

The air was full of uproar and confusion, our artillery crashing upon the city and being briskly replied to by shot and shell from the rebels inside, and while the third column halted on the high road the explosion party went steadily forward under a heavy shower of balls.

Each carrying a twenty-five pound bag of powder, Lieutenant Home and four men crossed the ditch, boldly making straight for the object of their mission.

The enemy were struck motionless with sheer amazement at this audacity and suspended their fire for a moment, thereby giving the lieutenant time to place his bag and jump down into the ditch in safety.

Salkeld, Carmichael, and Burgess next followed, but four Sepoys lagged behind and refused to go on, until Lieutenant Salkeld threatened to shoot them unless they did their duty.

A terrible fire was now opened upon the gallant band.

Carmichael was shot dead before he could place his bag of powder against the gate, but Lieutenant Home and Bugler Hawthorne did their work successfully and then crouched in the ditch.

Meanwhile Smith was dragging his own bag as

well as that of the dead soldier towards the gate at the terrible risk of being blown to atoms, and having piled them against the gate, calmly arranged the fuse that was to explode them, and reported all ready to his officer.

Lieutenant Salkeld stooped to apply the match, but at that very moment he was struck by a bullet in the thigh and toppled over into the ditch.

Then Corporal Burgess snatched the match, but he too was shot down, and fell into the ditch.

SUCCESS.

Everything now depended on one man, and that was Sergeant Smith. He crouched close to the fuse and struck his light. As he did so the gunpowder fizzed in his face, and he sprang into the ditch to save his life.

Before he reached the ground the explosion took place, and through the thunder of a deafening report, with stones toppling from the gate and a volume of smoke filling the air, there rang out a shrill bugle call three times repeated. It was Bugler Hawthorne sounding the charge.

The column of infantry that had been waiting and watching with feverish anxiety now dashed over the bridge, led by the gallant 52nd, and amid the smoke of the powder and the ruins of the shattered gate, they forced their way into the Chandni Chauk, or Silver Street of Delhi.

Lieutenant Salkeld died from his wounds, and his comrade Home was killed a month afterwards in another explosion, so that Sergeant Smith and Bugler Hawthorne alone lived to wear the Victoria Cross which was given to them "For Valour."

THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

The heroism of the stormers of the Kashmir Gate was not displayed in vain. For a time the mutinous Sepoys fought bravely in defence of their stronghold, but ere night fell, the British, under General Colin Campbell, were firmly established in the city, and on the following day the victory was complete and the rebel force destroyed, or dispersed.

The Great Mogul, the last of the kings of Delhi, who had taken part in the murderous insurrection, was captured by a distinguished officer named Hodden, and was afterwards imprisoned for life.

His two sons, who were traitors of the worst and most cruel description, were shot by the same officer as they were hiding at the tomb of Hayamun on the outskirts of the city.

The fall of Delhi practically put an end to the Indian Mutiny, and from that day the restoration of the British power went on safely and without interruption.

CHAPTER VIII.

NATIVE STATES: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

WHILE the whole of India is under British rule it is not all equally so. There are still 500,000 square miles of territory and over 60,000,000 people under the rule of native princes, who, while they are advised by a British resident at their courts, and look up to the British sovereign as their head, still keep up a splendour and courtly pageantry which one looks for only in the East.

These native sovereigns are very loyal, and gladly accept the protection of England.

I will say a few words about some of the more interesting of these states:

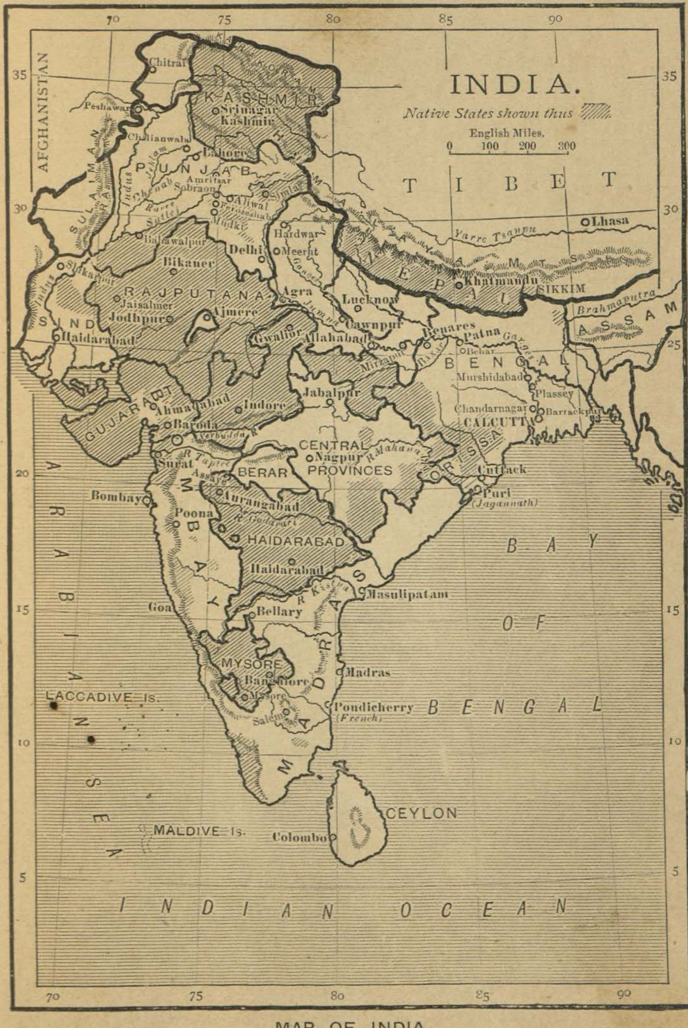
NEPAL.

Perhaps the most powerful is Nepal, where there is less British influence than in any other native state.

Nepal is situated in the north of India at the foot of the Himalayan Mountains, which guard it jealously and strongly.

It is important chiefly because of the warlike character of the Gorkhas, its inhabitants, who enlist freely in the British army, and behave well in time of danger.

Nepal is so powerful that were it possible for British rule in India to cease to exist, a Gorkha dynasty in north-eastern India would be sure to follow.


INDIA.
Native States shown thus
English Miles.
0 100 200 300
AFGHANISTAN
TIBET
KASHMIR
Srinagar
Kashmir
Chitral
Peshawar
Chilianwala
Lahore
PUNJAB
Amritsar
Sobraon
Aliwal
Simla
Mudki
Bahawalpur
Delhi
Hardwar
Meerut
Bikaner
RAJPUTANA
Jaisalmer
Jodhpur
Ajmere
Agra
Lucknow
Cawnpur
Gwalior
Allahabad
Benares
Patna
Behar
BENGAL
Murshidabad
Plassey
Chandarnagar
Barrackpur
CALCUTTA
SIND
Haidarabad
NEPAL
Khatmandu
SIKKIM
Lhasa
Yarro Tsanpu
Brahmaputra
ASSAM
GUJARAT
Ahmadabad
Baroda
Indore
Jabalpur
CENTRAL PROVINCES
Nagpur
BERAR
ORISSA
Cuttack
Puri
(Jagannath)
Surat
Assaye
Bombay
Poona
Aurangabad
HAIDARABAD
Haidarabad
BOMBAY
Masulipatam
Goa
Bellary
MYSORE
Bangalore
Mysore
Madras
Pondicherry
(French)
Salem
MADRAS
CEYLON
Colombo
LACCADIVE Is.
MALDIVE Is.
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL
INDIAN OCEAN

MAP OF INDIA.

KASHMIR.

Another Himalayan state is that of Kashmir, which overlooks the Punjab, and is one of the most beautiful places on earth, with a fine climate, picturesque population, and gorgeous mountain scenery.

There are several Sikh states under the protection of the British Government, which are famous for their loyalty during the Great Mutiny of 1857.

SIKKIM.

There is yet one more very interesting native state on the frontier and in the east of the Himalayan range and close to Darjiling, namely, that of Sikkim. It extends as far as Thibet, and has many monasteries and chapels in honour of Buddha. It boasts of a series of most exquisite lakes, which have an altitude of 13,000 feet above the sea.

RAJPUTANA.

Just below Delhi and Agra is Rajputana, which comprises a group of native states of which Jaipur is the wealthiest. The Rajput princes claim to be descended from the sun and moon.

Further south are the Mahratta states of Gwalior and Indore, also that of the Gækwar of Baroda, which is further south again.

BARODA.

Gækwar is the name of the ruler of Baroda, and signifies cowherd. His territories consist of scattered patches, comprising in all about 4,400 square miles. Some of the finest elephants in India are kept at Baroda. The State elephant of the Gækwar, in his

elaborate trappings and handsome embroidered decorations, is a very fine-looking beast indeed.

The government of the states of Baroda is very good, having been modelled after the European style. There are regular courts of justice, an excellent police force, schools and colleges, hospitals and dispensaries, good sanitary arrangements and water supply.

The Gækwar has a fine modern palace, and a public park has been erected for the use of the people.

HYDERABAD.

In the Deccan there is the Mohammedan state of the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Nizam is the premier prince of India. Formerly there were five Mohammedan kingdoms in the Deccan, but they were destroyed by the Mogul Empire, and a Mogul viceroy styled the Nizam was appointed over the united territories, who later became independent, until the English appeared on the scene.

MYSORE.

The Hindu state of Mysore is on the high plateau of the Western Ghat Mountains, and is an important one, being entirely surrounded by British territory. Mysore, which means the city of buffaloes, is the capital in name only, as Bangalore is the headquarters of the Government.

The famous Tipu Sultan, who was defeated by the English at Seringapatam in 1799, was the last independent ruler of Mysore. The present Maharaja is assisted by us, and rules well according to European methods.

The lands of Mysore are very fertile, and there are

numbers of coffee plantations. Sugar and betel nut are also largely cultivated.

The bulls of Mysore are noted for their good breed, and the Maharaja takes a great interest in them.

Travelling is done by the aid of bullocks.

There is a sacred bull of stone on a low hill near the town of Mysore which is famous for its size and the good workmanship of its carving.

All these states, and others less important, are under the supervision of Great Britain, and are protected by her. They pay taxes to the British Government, and are always ready to help in time of war. Their troops are splendidly disciplined and organised, and amount to several thousands.

A WONDERFUL CEREMONY.

The courts of the native princes are still kept up with a large amount of pomp and grandeur.

The reception of the British Resident is at times made a matter of great ceremony.

Processions of camels and elephants, gorgeously caparisoned, carrying richly-dressed men, troops of cavalry, with men and horses decked in their best, with flags flying and bands playing the national anthem, advance to meet the representative of the Emperor of India and conduct him to the palace.

Here he is received by ranks of nobles and chiefs in full dress. Turbans adorned with diamonds and other costly gems, armlets covered with sapphires or pearls, breastplates resplendent with precious stones, waistbands and daggers beautifully embossed are seen on all sides. Even the slippers are richly embroidered.

As the visitor passes he is received by the

elaborate bows of noble officers. The nearer to the audience chamber the more distinguished are those who line the route, the prince's relations being nearest to him.

The prince will be on his throne or on a dais, the visitors will be accommodated with chairs, and the rest will seat themselves on mats and carpets, having previously left their slippers on the threshold, a ceremony due to royalty.

The conversation which takes place at this time is naturally very formal, but the company are generally entertained by a nautch dance or the playing of some music.

At the conclusion it is customary for the prince to offer the Resident various trays laden with gifts. These are generally made in the state. It may be silks, shawls, embroidered stuffs, silver, gold, or copper work, or any of the delightful bric-a-brac for which all India is more or less famous.

These gifts are only officially accepted by the Resident, and he is always careful to make an adequate return.

The signal for rising is when the prince calls for the essence of roses and betel nut, which they offer as a fragrant scent to their guests before they leave.

A very favourite way of entertaining, if the entertainment be in the evening, is by fireworks, which are always tastefully and elaborately designed, and with much previous illumination of the grounds in which the display takes place.

Although the courts of the native princes vary somewhat in magnificence, yet they are always brilliant and full of colour, and to the English visitor seem picturesque and gorgeous in the extreme.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NATIVE TOWNS.

In the last chapter I gave a bird's-eye view of the native states, and it will now be interesting to take a few glimpses at the great and picturesque towns which belong to them.

JEYPOOR.

One of the most wonderful towns of India is Jeypoor, the capital of Rajputana. It is a city of wide streets all crossing each other at right angles. The largest thoroughfares are nearly thirty-five yards across, and even the back alleys where the poorest people dwell are ten yards from side to side.

The people here are extraordinarily tall and well made, belonging to the finest race in India, and descended from many generations renowned for their courage, their nobility and prosperity.

The broad roadways are always thronged with busy crowds, and even on the flat housetops one may see groups of women and children dressed in bright and gaudy colours and wearing flowers in their hair, with glass necklaces and trinkets which sparkle in the sun.

The shopkeepers spread their goods upon the pathway, which is strewn with heaps of fruits, baskets, weapons, and every kind of ware. And in the shops themselves one may see the silver and goldsmiths working at their precious metals, the potters moulding

their clay upon the whirring wheels, the weavers at their frames making their carpets of glowing colours, the dyers spreading out their blue, red, and green cloths to dry in the sun, women, gaily dressed, grinding corn in handmills, and many another trade and handicraft. And from all these busy people there rises a continual sound of laughter and idle gossip, and light-hearted songs.

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

There is also a strange fluttering noise which comes from the flight of thousands of birds, for in this native town great numbers of pigeons find a home, and swoop about the streets with graceful flight, alighting with perfect tameness among the people and strutting to and fro in the roadways, seeming to take an interest in the buying and selling.

Above, too, on the roofs, there are other birds—chattering bright-plumaged parrots and innumerable singing birds.

In fact, the inhabitants of Jeypoor seem to live on the friendliest terms with all kinds of birds and beasts. All around the town, and in the beautiful suburbs, the trees are swarming with monkeys, who chatter and play pranks on the branches without being disturbed by the native people.

THE ALLIGATOR TANK.

Just outside the walls of Jeypoor is a shallow lake in which the Maharaja or prince keeps a large number of alligators. It is one of the principal amusements of the townspeople to pay a small sum to the attendants to see these hideous creatures fed.

Sometimes these men will tie a great lump of bullock's flesh to a long rope and throw the end attached to the meat into the water.

Instantly there will be a great splashing and gurgling, and thirty or forty scaly monsters will rise from the shiny mud at the bottom of the lake and fight fiercely for the tit-bit. The fortunate one swallows it at one gulp and takes down a long piece of rope at the same time.

Then the natives, screaming with laughter, seize the other end of the rope and play a game of tug-of-war, pulling the alligator half out of the water. Presently the rope snaps and the monster falls back with several yards of rope dangling from his jaws, which he proceeds to swallow at leisure.

When these creatures are fed by their keepers, great flocks of kites hover above the lake, swooping down to seize a piece of flesh from the very jaws of an alligator, or darting downwards to catch with unerring skill the small pieces of food which are generally thrown to them by the onlookers, who find thus another means of amusement and recreation.

MAN-EATERS.

At the North Gate of the town are a number of strong cages in which a number of man-eating tigers are imprisoned. Mr. W. S. Caine says: "The amiable creatures to which we are accustomed at home, at Regent's Park, or in Sanger's menageries, are quiet tabby cats compared with these horrible monsters, who shake the strong bars of their cages with impotent rage and fierce glare, growling with every tooth exposed at any person who approaches. One



Photo: Nicholas & Co., Madras.

FEEDING THE SACRED KITE.

huge beast is known to have killed and eaten fifteen human beings, another ten, and a third seven. These tigers are trapped in pitfalls, where they are left for many days until they have been starved into extreme weakness, then they are dragged off to imprisonment for life."

Jeypoor is a rose-coloured town, all the houses being washed with pink. It is surrounded with a great wall twenty feet high and nine feet thick, and pierced with nine gateways.

THE HALL OF THE WINDS.

The most splendid building inside is the great palace of the Maharajas, in one part of which is a famous structure called the Hall of the Winds. This is nine stories high, and is almost fairylike in its delicate beauty. Its front is composed of rows of gilded arches containing pierced screens of stonework, through which the wind blows into the cool and pleasant rooms where the ladies of the ancient princes of Rajputana used formerly to live.

AMBER.

A short distance from Jeypoor is a wonderful ruined town called Amber, built upon three hills and surrounded by an artificial lake. No one knows when or why this town with its great and splendid palace was deserted by its prince with all its inhabitants, but to-day not a soul disturbs the silence of the streets or the solitude of the great palace except a few hermits who have taken up their abode in the ruins.

The chief native industries and art-work of Jeypoor consist of enamels for the decoration of

trinkets, plates, boxes, spoons, etc.; shawls, State umbrellas, damascened work, or inlaid metal for adorning the hilts and blades of weapons, marble and wood-carving, printed muslin and cottons, and all kinds of native jewellery.

HYDERABAD.

The town of Hyderabad is the capital of the largest native state, and it is intensely interesting because also the headquarters of the Mohammedans in India.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is the most powerful Mohammedan ruler in our Eastern Empire, and people of the religion come from all parts of India, Asia, and even Africa to live under his protection and in his service.

A WARLIKE PEOPLE.

The characteristics of Hyderabad are very different from those of other Indian towns. The thing that most strikes a European is the warlike appearance of the men, and the variety of their costumes. Mohammedans of every race, Turks, Afghans, Arabs, Moors, Persians, Mahrattas, Parsees, and many others, go about in the costume of their particular country, and all armed to the teeth with the weapons which they particularly favour.

In the courtyards of the Nizam's palace, at the gateways and buildings, one sees Mohammedan soldiers lounging about and bristling with long-barrelled muskets, huge pikes, broad-bladed swords, and daggers with richly-ornamented hilts. The whole city is, indeed, one great storehouse of arms and armour, and in the bazaars one may see all

these weapons, together with shields, breastplates, helmets, and battle-axes, of quaint and curious workmanship.

THE WOMEN.

The Mohammedans do not allow their womenfolk the same liberty as the Hindus and other races of India, and whenever a woman walks in the streets she is always closely veiled in long white muslin shawls, so that only her dark eyes are visible.

The women of rank do not even appear so publicly as this, and the European is always interested in seeing a palanquin, or swinging chair, carried through the streets at a rapid pace by four or five bearers, so that not a glance may be had of the ladies mysteriously hidden within.

The men pass onwards at a double-step march, marking the time with a kind of sing-song sigh, and bending the knees with a swinging stride, so that the litter sways to and fro with a gentle motion.

In the streets the crowd constantly scatters right and left to make way for the rambling stride of great elephants carrying the Nizam's great officers or guests to his palace, and now and again a camel with velvet trappings and a heavily armed soldier riding on his hump canters swiftly past while the people flatten themselves against the walls to avoid being trampled upon.

IN THE STREETS.

Here also in the streets one may see strange-looking men who have come in from the country carrying cages full of poor little fluttering birds, which they sell to the children as playthings, each little songster being tied to a long string. And here at the street

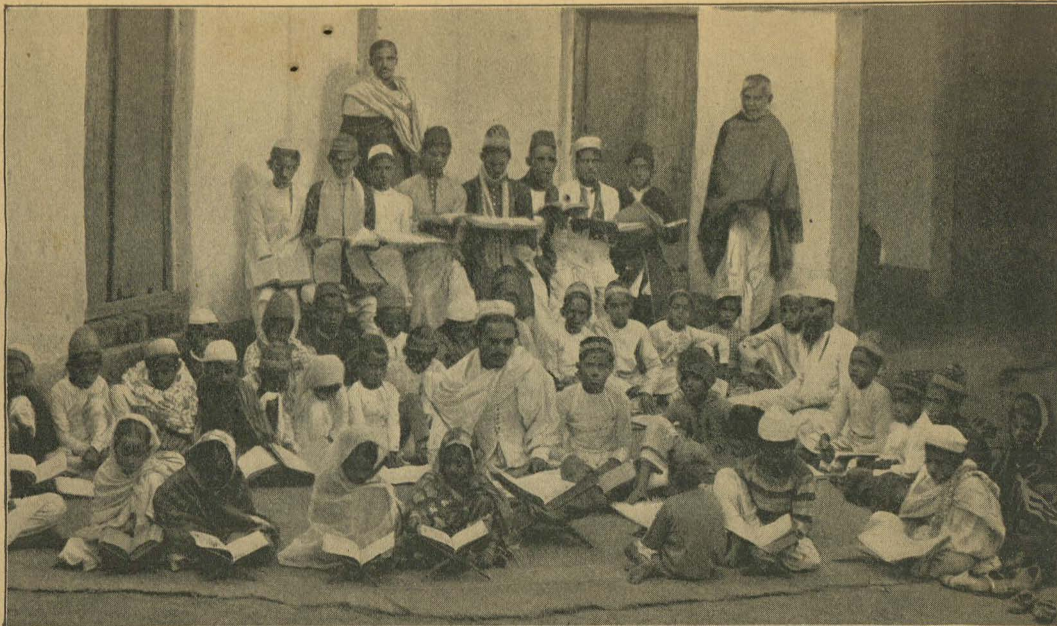


Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL.

corners sit public scribes or letter writers, squatting cross-legged on the ground writing strange Arabic words on rice paper with pens made out of reeds. By their side crouch the people who have come to write their letters or their accounts through the medium of one of these hired "secretaries," dictating to him slowly with long pauses between each word.

THE NIZAM AND HIS COURT.

The Nizam's palace is thronged with his servitors and soldiers. It is a huge place, and accommodates no less than 7,000 people, many of whom seem to pass an idle sort of existence, living on the bounty of the rich and generous prince, their master.

The Nizam himself is a highly cultured and refined gentleman, who rules his great state with justice and liberality. All the Mohammedan gentlemen in his service are equally well educated, understanding European manners perfectly, and speaking English faultlessly. There are excellent schools in the town, both for boys and girls, and there is no part of India more prosperous or more civilised.

AHMADABAD.

Another important native town is Ahmadabad, the capital of the district of the same name, in the province of Gujerat.

An old Indian proverb says that, "Ahmadabad hangs on three threads—gold, silk and cotton," and this is still true, because the manufactures wrought from those three threads support the greater number of the population.

The gold and silver thread is drawn out as thin as

cotton from pieces of the precious metal, and made into lace and embroidery for adorning shoes and caps, jackets, turbans and shawls, and above all for trimming the famous brocades of Ahmadabad called "kincobs."

These brocades are made of silk so richly ornamented that they are literally stiff with the gold and silver wire.

They are used for the state robes of native princes, and for the trappings of elephants on State occasions.

They are, of course, exceedingly costly, and one robe alone may be worth at least £1,000.

NATIVE SCULPTORS.

The craftsmen of Ahmadabad are also famous for their carving in stone, marble, and wood, and the whole city is one great exhibition of their marvellous and patient skill. Every house in every street is decorated with beautifully carved pillars, balconies, windows and door-frames, upon which the native workmen have sculptured in wood or stone a mass of picturesque figures, animals, trees, fruit and flowers from the roadway to the roof.

THE CITY OF MOSQUES.

Ahmadabad is a city of mosques. In the olden days at the time of its ancient prosperity there were no less than a thousand great mosques, each one a triumph of architecture and sculpture. Many of them have now fallen into decay, but still one may see traces of their past magnificence, and others are still in perfect preservation.

It is also a city of tombs. The Mohammedan

people, like other Eastern races, are fond of displaying their affection and reverence for the dead by great and beautiful buildings placed over their last resting-places. These tombs are generally situated in a garden called the Rozah, which adjoins every mosque, and is somewhat similar to our church-yards, except that it is generally enclosed by high walls.

The mosques of Ahmadabad are famous for their wonderful marble windows, carved so delicately that they are like fine lace-work. Some of the best of them are carved to represent trees with spreading branches and foliage, and each tiny leaf is carved through the marble, perfect in shape, and exquisite in arrangement. Windows of this kind in our own country would admit of very little light, but here the blazing Indian sun is kept out of the inner chambers by these marble screens, which, however, are sufficiently pierced with little lace-like openings between the leaves or tracery so that sufficient light and air is admitted.

A STREET SCENE.

The people of Ahmadabad are almost as fond of birds as those of Jeypoor, and at every street corner open cages are hung upon pillars of carved marble or wood, in which charitable people place grain for the birds as soon as the hot rays of the sun fade before the welcome approach of the evening shade. At this time thousands of pigeons, sparrows, and other feathered inhabitants of the air flutter down with a great beating of wings, fighting for places on the cages, and thronging as close together as people on a public holiday.

ANOTHER DESERTED CITY.

A short distance from Ahmadabad stands one of those strange deserted cities which are to be found in many parts of India. It is called Sarkhej, and was built in the fifteenth century by one of the Mohammedan sultans as a country retreat.

He caused a great lake to be dug out covering eighteen acres of ground, and filled with water thirty feet deep. This he surrounded with stone embankments built into flights of steps leading towards a number of splendid palaces and pavilions, and a great mosque almost as fine as the famous Pearl Mosque of Agra.

Here also in the Rozah, or garden of the mosque, he built three magnificent tombs, one for himself, one for his queen, and one for his favourite vizier or prime minister. All three now lie in the ruins of this city, which once echoed with the voices and movements of many people, but which now is silent and solitary, and deserted by every living thing except the jackals that prowl through the overgrown weeds in the courtyard, the alligators that bask on the stone steps by the side of the glistening lake, the parrots, storks and crows that build their nests in the marble arches of the windows, and the monkeys that scamper in and out of the great halls where once the Sultan Mahmud held his court.

These three towns, Jeypoor, Hyderabad, and Ahmadabad, are the most important and representative cities of the native states in India, and having described some of their characteristics it will not be necessary in this book to give more particulars about the other towns in those states which I have already mentioned in the previous chapter.

CHAPTER X.

TOWNS OF THE PUNJAB:

LAHORE AND AMRITSAR.

LAHORE is the capital of the Punjab. It is an old city, and was at one time much larger and more important than it is now. Several rulers have left behind them monuments of their love of beauty and their interest in the place, among them being the Emperors Akbar, Jahangir, Aurungzebe, and lastly and chiefly the great Maharaja Ranjit Singh, the builder of modern Lahore.

LAHORE.

The old city has narrow winding streets which form a maze of quaint and pretty scenes. The houses are tall and narrow, and some are profusely decorated. As usual, the bazaars are crowded with a thronging, jostling medley of various nationalities.

The new European city is well laid out, like all Anglo-Indian towns. The principal street is called the Mall, and contains most of the public buildings, churches, shops, and hotels, besides private houses. The Mall is three miles long.

Unfortunately many ancient and interesting buildings in Lahore have been utterly spoilt by whitewash in order that they may be used for public offices. The Moti Masjid or Pearl Mosque, for instance, which dates from 1598 and was built by Jahangir, has had its arches bricked up, and has been whitewashed for



Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

LAHORE.

use as a Government strong room. Also various buildings of the Court and Justice have been so thickly whitewashed that their once beautiful decorations are almost entirely obliterated, and they are used as British barracks.

THE PALACE.

The Royal Palace, which originates from the time of Akbar, is behind a large wall which shows signs of shot and fighting. The palace itself is inlaid with enamelled pictures in green, blue, and yellow, representing mythological and hunting scenes.

The presence chamber, called the durbar, opens on to a court paved with marble. The walls are covered with mirrors and panels of coloured glass over a background of dull gold iridescent with a silvery luminous lustre.

This chamber of mirrors, or Shish Mahal, as it is called, is historically interesting, because here the representatives of the British Government received the formal concession of the Kingdom of the Punjab.

In one vast hall is a fine collection of Indian weapons, swords, and pistols embossed with precious stones. Here are curious suits of armour damascened with gold, and guns with silver stocks set with pearls.

In a window bay are two toy cannon made of gold and silver, which Duleep Singh, the ruler of a vast territory, played with as a child before he lost his power.

From the summit of the Royal Palace there is a noble prospect. On one side a fine bird's-eye view of the city is obtained, and on the other a vast expanse of the plains of the Punjab dotted with villages, and a river running through like a long twisted snake.

SCENES IN LAHORE.

One of the most beautiful spots in the East is to be found in the Hazuri Bagh, which is a not very well kept garden, but lovely in its untidiness. In the middle is a beautiful marble pavilion.

To the right of the garden beyond is a high wall with battlements which still possess an ancient gateway with magnificent towers. This gateway used to be the entrance to the citadel. Now it is built up.

The Jama Masjid, a celebrated mosque, is on the left of the garden, and is now much neglected. Its large quadrangle is overshadowed by fine trees, which contrast well with the rich red sandstone of the mosque. A flight of steps, ninety feet long at the base, leads up from the garden to the mosque.

Not far off is Ranjit Singh's Crematorium or Burning Place, the interior of which is inlaid with convex mirrors. The centre of the floor has a raised platform marked by a carved lotus flower and surrounded by eleven smaller ones. This is to mark the precise spots where the body of Ranjit Singh was burnt with eleven ladies of his zenana, who, according to a strange and horrible custom, sacrificed themselves as a proof of their love for their dead husband.

St. James's Church is interesting as being the mausoleum of Anar Kali, a lady of Akbar's court who had the presumption to fall in love with Salim, one of Akbar's sons. Akbar, in his wrath, caused her to be buried alive, and in after years the faithful Salim erected this wonderful mausoleum to her memory.

The sarcophagus is of beautifully carved white marble, and has been moved from the centre of the building to an ante-room, to make way for the church.

The decoration consists of the ninety-nine names of Allah.

Six miles from Lahore are the famous Shalimar Gardens or the Abode of Love, which were laid out in 1637 by the Emperor Shah Jehan.

These gardens extend for eighty acres, and are divided into three terraces.

There are lakes, canals, and fountains everywhere, which, although in disrepair, still remain to show what a beautiful spot the garden must once have been.

AMRITSAR.

Although Lahore is the capital, yet it is not the most important city of the Punjab.

Amritsar bears the palm as being the most important, populous, and wealthy city.

It is the great centre of the Sikhs, their sacred city, and it is, moreover, a great commercial highway. It is thronged with merchants from Bokhara, Thibet, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, and Persia, who come to exchange their goods for those of Manchester and Birmingham, Calcutta and Bombay.

The word Amritsar means "the lake of immortality." It takes its name from a sacred tank, in the centre of which stands a marble temple whose roof and decorations are of gold.

This is the Golden Temple, which, shining in the sunlight and reflected in the placid water of the great lake, is a beautiful thing to look upon.

The temple and lake are surrounded by fairy-like palaces of delicate and pale-tinted marbles, and the whole is imaged in the water like the gleam of many-coloured precious stones.

THE TEMPLE.

From the shore, which is generally thronged with many-coloured pilgrims, a causeway of white stone leads to the temple. On this causeway are columns supporting golden lanterns.

Visitors are not allowed to enter without being supervised by an official guide, and are obliged to take off their footgear. They are supplied with canvas socks instead of their own shoes.

On each side of the causeway are rows of beggars, who are fed by the worshippers as they go to their prayer in the temple. People bathe from the platform surrounding this wonderful Golden Temple, which is one of the most splendid and richly decorated in India.

Inside the building a silk Persian rug is stretched for an awning. In the centre the priest reads from the sacred book called the Granth, and the faithful chant with him from time to time verses from the same book.

Piles of coin, flowers, rice, and sweetmeats are on the ground as offered by the worshippers, and fiddles and tom-toms are very audible from a recess.

On the roof is a beautifully sculptured pavilion with golden domes and cupolas which glisten in the sun.

THE SIKHS.

This temple is the headquarters of the Sikhs, who are not a nation, but a religious sect bound together by the tie of military discipline.

The Sikhs date from the fifteenth century. They teach moral purity, and believe in one God.

The temple at Amritsar is practically the only

place of worship the Sikhs have, as they generally meet in a house for prayer.

They partake at these times of a cake consecrated in the name of their great teacher, and called Karah Prasad. Interested strangers who watch the ceremony are sometimes invited to participate in the feast.

A NATIVE HOTEL.

There is one very interesting sight at Amritsar which strangers often miss seeing, and that is the native hotel called the Serai, a large square surrounded by small houses or hotels where lodge travelling merchants from Central Asia. Here will be found a curious conglomeration of nationalities, to be equalled only by the bazaar at Peshawur. Kashmiris, Nepalese, Afghans, Persians, Beluchis, Turcomans, Thibetans, Tartars, and Chinamen mingle together, producing and showing their goods, which they wish to exchange for wares from Manchester and Sheffield.

They are very amiable, and are willing to allow strangers to examine their personal belongings with much pride and pleasure.

KASHMIR SHAWLS.

Many of these merchants bring to Amritsar the raw material for the chief manufacture of the city, namely, shawls.

The soft fine underwool of the Thibetan goats is used for the weaving of the famous Kashmir shawls. There are about 4,000 looms at work in the city, and one often sees the weavers at work through the open fronts of the houses in some of the side streets.

Amritsar makes its own shawls besides those of



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

CARPET-WEAVING.

Kashmir. Some of these are beautifully embroidered and very costly, the prices varying from ten to fifty pounds.

OTHER INDUSTRIES.

Besides the weaving of shawls there is a large manufacture of silk goods at Amritsar, the silk all being of a very fine quality.

Some of the finest carpets in India are woven here. These carpets are very rich in texture, in design and in colour, and are thoroughly artistic in every detail.

Another industry of Amritsar is ivory carving, and most perfect little statuettes can be procured for very little money.

THE LEPERS' TANK.

Twelve miles from Amritsar is the town called Taran-Taran. Here there is a large tank much frequented by lepers, who are said to be cured by swimming across it.

Nevertheless leprosy still exists largely.

There is a large leper asylum outside the town situated in the middle of a grove of trees. It is a very sad sight to see the men and women lepers sitting on various doorsteps and looking utterly impassive. Some of the women have their children with them their husbands being also lepers.

There is, besides, a suburb which is inhabited by a tribe of hereditary lepers who claim descent from a great teacher named Guru Arjun, who himself was a leper.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FORESTS OF INDIA.

CENTURY by century, year by year, the industry of the Indian people is extending the regions of cultivated ground where they may grow their rice, their corn, and their tea, and build their native towns to afford dwelling-places for the constantly increasing population of the rural districts.

THE GREAT PRESERVES.

But in the northern, eastern, and central states of India there are still vast tracts of forest-land undisturbed by the presence of man, except a few sportsmen and hunting-men who make their way through the jungle in pursuit of the wild animals who have their haunts there.

The British Government, anxious that these great forests should remain in all their wild grandeur, and wishing to protect the animals who would otherwise be speedily destroyed by native hunters, have preserved immense tracts of jungle-land equal in area to the whole of the British Isles, and it is only by special authority that persons are allowed to go hunting in them.

In addition to these there are many great forests which are the private property of native princes.

AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

There is nothing more wonderful or beautiful in nature than an Indian jungle.

Great trees of cedar, pine and fir, yew, cypress and juniper, oak, ilex and birch, teak, tamarind and ebony grow to a height unknown in this country, and twine their great branches about each other in a luxuriant entanglement. Yet it is never dark and gloomy in an Indian forest however thick the foliage, for the bright Indian sun filters through the green canopy, so that underneath the spreading branches there is a cool and shimmering light infinitely refreshing to the traveller weary of the heat and the glare of the open plains.

The undergrowth is bright with the colour of the flowering shrubs, and the gorgeous blossoms of the rhododendron are contrasted with the vivid green of the fern.

Most beautiful are the forests of bamboos. The trees have a delicate feathery foliage, and the colours of the trunks and branches are enchanting to the eye.

Very wonderful is it to come upon one of the silent, silver pools which give moisture to these forests and refreshment to the wild inhabitants, and to see the graceful branches of the bamboos dipping downwards to the water and reflected on the mirror-like surface with all their quivering leaves.

A great silence reigns in these great forests, broken only by the low, musical booming of innumerable insects, and the stealthy rustling of some wild creature through the undergrowth.

Now and again also one hears the deep-mouthed

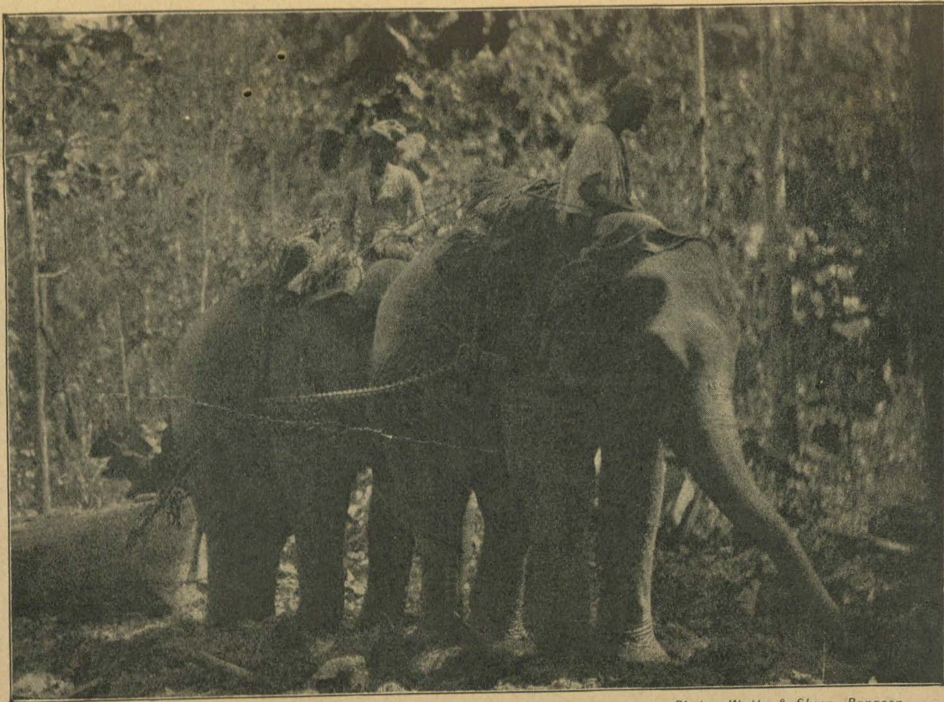


Photo: Watts & Skeen, Rangoon.

THROUGH AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

roar of lion or tiger and the crash of broken twigs as one of these great beasts bounds upon its prey. For a moment the horrid sound startles the stillness of the jungle, and birds fly through the trees with a terrified beating of wings, while monkeys, squirrels, and the small inhabitants of the woods stampede with strange cries of fright. Then in a few moments there is silence again and peace.

THE BENGAL TIGER.

The King of Beasts in the jungle is not the lion, for the Indian lion is not so majestic as that of the African race, but it is the tiger, and especially the famous Bengal tiger, which is the terror of the natives living in its neighbourhood.

A man who goes tiger-hunting must needs be a "straight shot," and have an iron nerve.

Many a time a British sportsman has found himself face to face with death when he has tracked one of these animals to its lair, and having emptied his barrel, finds that the tiger, though wounded, has strength enough to turn upon his enemy and take a terrible revenge.

There is no hope in such a case. With one bound the great cat-like creature, with a growl of agony and rage, pounces upon its foe, and if no other shot speeds into its heart or brain between that spring and its object, there will be one more victim to the many brave men who have sacrificed themselves in the pursuit of sport.

As a rule, however, the Bengal tiger does not attack a human being unless first attacked, and, until

its anger is aroused by being injured, has a wholesome fear of man.

I myself know a gentleman who accidentally came face to face with one of them. He was entirely unarmed, and his alarm was so great that for a moment he stood stock still, unable to retreat, and not daring to call for help from his companions who followed at a short distance. But the tiger was even more frightened than my friend. Putting its tail between its legs like a whipped dog, it bolted into the undergrowth, and the snapping of twigs told of its hurried flight.

But although respecting the persons of human beings, the tiger is no respecter of their property. It will come down "like a thief in the night," lurking around a small native village in one of the forest clearings, and under cover of the darkness will pounce upon the cattle, and gorge itself upon the body of some poor patient ox which has worked faithfully in the fields for some Indian peasant-farmer who can ill afford such a great loss.

Curiously enough, too, when once a tiger tastes human flesh, by killing and devouring some unfortunate sportsman, it often craves a meal of the same kind, and becomes one of those dreaded "man-eaters" of which so many stories are told in books of travel and adventure.

THE PANTHER.

More dangerous, however, than the tiger is the panther, which is equally powerful and much more cunning.

When brought to bay by hunters it goes ill with them if they do not kill it outright.

One traveller—Sir Richard Temple—relates that two men had emptied their rifles in a panther's body, and seeing that they had not inflicted mortal wounds dropped their weapons and clambered up two tall trees quicker than they had ever climbed before.

Here they thought they were safe, but the panther, bounding with a cat-like spring to the trunk of one of these trees, followed one of the unfortunate men like a flash of lightning, and clawing him in the face with terrible ferocity, killed him in an instant. Then, climbing down again exactly as a cat makes its way down an apple-tree, it attacked the second man without a moment's hesitation and mauled him to death in the same horrible way.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

In the wild jungle-region of the Himalayas there are many great herds of elephants.

Fortunately these huge but intelligent animals are very seldom shot, and when they are hunted it is with a view to capturing them. They are highly valued as beasts of burden for the native princes and wealthy British gentlemen, and they also play an important part in the great religious and State processions of India.

When an elephant hunt is on foot a great V-shaped wedge is made in the forest by means of wooden palisades. Hundreds of native "beaters" making a great noise on their "tom-toms" or drums, scare the elephants into the wide entrance of the wedge, gradually driving them further into the narrow end.

Then skilful horsemen capture the huge beasts by lassooing them. It is very dangerous work, for the

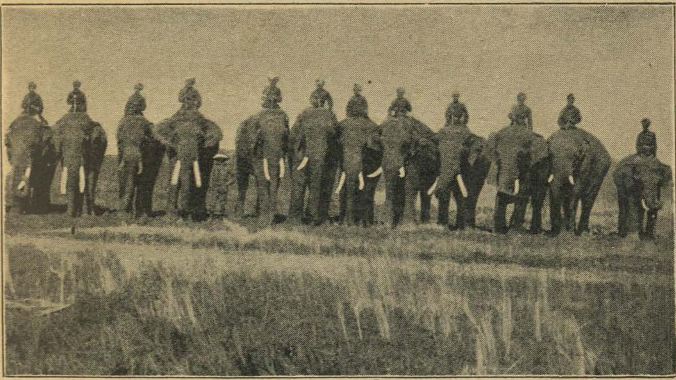


Photo: Weile & Klein, Madras.



Pnoto: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

SPORTS IN INDIA.

elephant when frightened becomes fierce and violent, and numbers of men have been trampled to death under the great hoofs, or crashed to the earth by the great trunks of these monsters.

One need hardly say, however, that a properly tamed and a properly trained elephant is one of the most docile, affectionate, and intelligent of animals.

PIG-STICKING.

The favourite sport of India, much indulged in by the officers of the Indian army, is "pig-sticking," the name given to the hunting of the wild boar.

There is no greater excitement than for a body of horsemen armed with lances to give chase to one of these sturdy and stubborn animals. In spite of its apparently awkward shape it is very fleet of foot, and sometimes leads its pursuers a long run up hill and down dale before it turns to bay.

Then it rounds upon the enemy and "squats," as it is called, sitting upon its haunches and showing its tusks with a horrible grin of rage.

As the foremost rider gallops up he endeavours to plunge his lance into the boar's body, but it sometimes happens that the fierce beast evades the weapon or is only slightly wounded, in which case it rushes forward furiously and endeavours to gore the horse with its long tusks.

Generally, however, the riders come up one after the other, with hardly a second between them, and each one as he sweeps past plunges in his spear, so that the unfortunate boar has but little chance of life after he has once "squatted."

MUD-MONSTERS.

Along the slimy banks of many a stream that oozes through the thick undergrowth of the jungle, the long, armour-plated body of the crocodile wallows in the mud, or splashes into the water and cleaves its way swiftly after any dead body of bird or fish or beast that floats down the stream. Its near presence may always be detected by a peculiar smell of musk which comes from a fluid stored in its glands.

FOREST FRIENDS.

Among the harmless inhabitants of the woods are the bright-eyed squirrels, the prettiest, merriest, most innocent, and most loveable of forest creatures.

To many a man who has hunted "big game" and shot many kinds of animals it would seem a crime to kill one of these dainty, dancing things, which are always scampering from bough to bough and tree to tree, peering through the leaves with perky little eyes, and playing games with nuts and fruits as if they were full of the joy of life.

The wild goat and the wild sheep of the Himalayan Mountains, the deer and antelope of many species distributed in all the forest regions, are among the other native creatures of the Indian woods.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

And lastly there are the deadly snakes, which glide noiselessly through the undergrowth, or coil themselves round the stem of some tropical plant, watching with glowing eyes until some bird or animal comes within their reach. Then, rearing its head, and thrusting out its fangs with a fierce hiss, it will

suddenly strike the unsuspecting creature with these poisonous darts, which have a speedy and deadly effect.

As a rule it will not attack a human being unless frightened or injured, but accidents frequently occur through men or women stepping by accident upon one of these great "earth-worms," and receiving the fatal bite of the poison-fangs before they have time to defend themselves.

In spite of all these dangers a journey through a great Indian forest is full of fascination for the traveller, who, in after life, looks back upon this time as a dream of beauty and enchantment.

CHAPTER XII.

INDIA'S FRONTIERS.

On most sides India's frontiers are defended from attack by natural means. From Kurrachee on the extreme west to Rangoon in Burma, and beyond to the Malay Peninsula, Britain's territories are guarded by the sea.

On the north, and north-east, and north-west, there is the finest mountain range in the world, which is 1,600 miles long and at times 200 miles wide, to overwhelm an invading foe.

If we study a physical map of India, and look along the line from Kurrachee, near the mouth of the great river Indus, northwards to Peshawur and Attock, and then along the Himalayas to Bhotam and Assam, we can easily see that Nature herself has provided fortifications. On the east there are extensive hills, but not of any great height, which are covered for miles with a dense impassable jungle.

Then there is Burma, which itself is a protection. The north of Burma touches on China, and is guarded by huge unexplored mountains.

To the east and further, there might be danger in years to come. The river Mekong, which flows into the Gulf of Siam, was some time ago the source of a quarrel between France and Siam, in which the latter had to give way. This is a quarter in which Britain has great interests shared by France. For the present

there is a satisfactory boundary line between the two spheres of influence belonging to this country and France.

Further south the provinces of Moulmein and Jenasserim, which belong to Burma, as well as the Shan States, are close to Siam, which is independent, and which is consequently our safeguard. Should Siam, however, fall a victim to a Power like France, who is a very near neighbour on the eastern side, there would be inevitable trouble.

It is, therefore, in our interests to keep Siam independent, a fact which the French settled in Cambodia and Saigon know as well as we do.

Thus there is one part of our Indian frontier which needs a careful watch and direct defence.

There is another in the north-west which is generally considered more important still, for here Russia is close upon us.

Just beyond Kashmir is a region on the elevated steppes of the Pamirs, which is termed by the Moslems "the roof of the world." This region has been divided between England and Russia.

THE KHYBER PASS.

So far all is well.

The route of a hostile army to India from the north-west would be through the Khyber Pass, which extends for about thirty miles, to Afghanistan.

The pass begins at the Fort of Jamrud, which stands on a hill about 100 feet above the plain, and twists through mountains six or seven thousand feet high. The Fort of Jamrud is a strong one, having three encircling walls of stone. Three miles



Photo: Weile & Klein, Madras.

HUNTING ANTELOPES.

from Jamrud, at the little village of Kadam, the mountains close in, and in less than half a mile the pass narrows to 150 yards, and a little further to thirty yards. Six miles from Jamrud the pass is but fifteen yards, and the mountains on either side rise in sheer precipices of 1,000 and 1,300 feet.

Alexander the Great invaded India by this very obvious gate, and a modern foe would in all probability take the same route.

Prince Karageorgevitch, in his book "Enchanted India," gives an account of his visit to the Khyber Pass, which many will find interesting:

"Outside the fort, which guards the opening of the pass, there was confusion; a mad scurry of men, running, shouting, bustling. Quite a complicated melée of animals bolting, elephants and camels let loose, but caught at last.

"After the delay, which in India is a matter of course, the caravan set out. . . First went six armed regulars, then a party on horseback, for the most part Persians, one of whom was carrying in his arms an enormous sheaf of roses, which hid him completely and drooped over the saddle.

"Suddenly there was a panic among the horses; they shied, reared, and bolted across the fields. The road being cleared, the elephants belonging to the Ameer of Cabul went by, to march at the head of the caravan. Next came a thousand camels, also the Ameer's; like the elephants, they carried no baggage, but on the back of one female was a young one, tied into a basket, born only the day before, all white and woolly.

"Asses followed, oxen and more camels, loaded

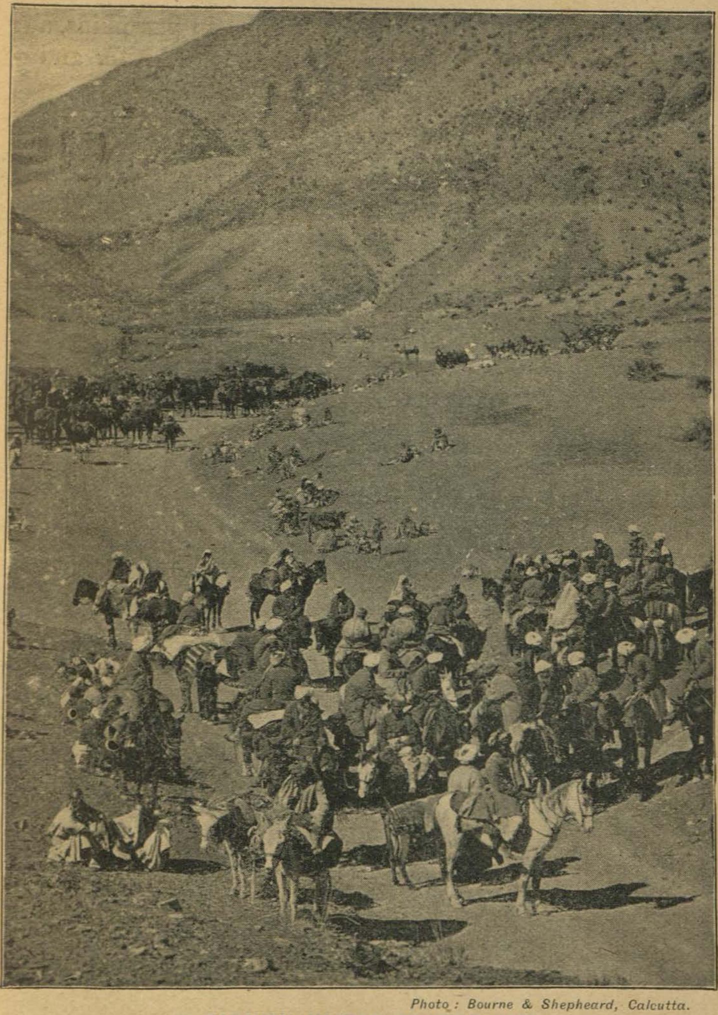


Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

A CARAVAN IN THE KHYBER PASS.

beyond their strength with old iron, tin pannikins, a whole cargo of goods in cases from Manchester and Sheffield, so badly packed that things came clattering down as the beasts pushed each other amid oaths and blows.

"Women porters came on foot, hidden under bales, nets full of crocks, faggots and trusses of hay. Children and women in sarees—fine ladies—had nothing to carry; some were wrapped in *yashmacks*, shrouding them from head to foot, with a little veil of transparent muslin over the eyes.

"And to close the procession came more soldiers.

"After inspecting my little permit to visit the Khyber, the officials at the fort had placed in my carriage a soldier of the native Khyber Rifle Corps, six feet in height, placid an l gentle. When I got out of the carriage to walk up a hill he would follow, a yard or so behind, and, watching all my movements, looked rather as if he were taking me to prison than like an escort to protect me.

THE SILENCE OF THE PASS.

"We left the caravan far behind. In the gorge, with its rosy pink soil, the silence was exquisite, the air had the freshness of a mountain height, and quite inexplicably amid these barren rocks, where there was not a sign of vegetation, there was a scent of honey and almonds.

"Children were selling whortle berries in painted baskets; they came up very shyly, and as soon as they had sold their spoil hurried back to hide in their nook. Further on a little Afghan boy, standing alone and motionless by the wayside, held out three eggs for sale.

"At a turn in the road the view opened out to a distant horizon: the plain at Peshawur, intensely green in contrast with the rosy tone of the foreground; and far away, the Himalayas, faintly blue with glaciers of fiery gold in the sun against a gloomy sky, where the clouds were gathering.

"Between the cliff walls of the defile, in a sort of bay, stands Ali Musjid, a little white mosque, where travellers tarry to pray.

"Deeply graven in the stone of one of the walls is the giant hand of Ali the Conqueror, the Terrible, who came from the land of the Arabs, killing all on his way who refused to be converted to Islam. And he died in the desolate Khyber, where all who pass do him honour, and entreat his protection on the way.

THE KHYBER FORT.

"Above the mausoleum a fort with battlements towers over the pass, 'an impregnable position,' the guide tells us.

"A company of the Khyber Rifles are quartered there in the old buildings and the officers' deserted bungalows; over all hangs an atmosphere of icy desolation and overpowering melancholy. Above our heads a flight of eagles wheeled against the sky.

"As we stood up there the caravan for Cabul came in sight on the road below and slowly disappeared, wrapped in dust, with mechanical steadiness and without a sound. After that came the other train of travellers from Peshawur, singing to the accompaniment of mule bells, every sound swelled by an echo. Children's laughter came up to our ears, the scream of an elephant angry at being stopped—even at a

distance we could still hear them a little—and then silence fell under the flight of the eagles soaring further and further away as they followed the caravan.

"Close to us on each level spot of the scarped rock, was a little fortified look-out where three or four soldiers kept watch, with here and there a larger tower, reached only by a ladder, and in these six or eight men.

"Beyond this point among the mountains the road seemed to vanish, to lead nowhere, lost in pale red among the red cliffs, as if it stopped at the foot of the rocky walls.

"As we went back we found the roses carried in the morning by the Persian strewn on the ground in front of the Ali Musjid, and over them a flock of birds with red beaks were fluttering."

Another pass is that of Goomul, which leads from Kandahar to Southern India.

The Bolan Pass, near Quetta in Beluchistan, is near the limit of British dominion, and is another route to Kandahar. This pass is strictly a defile, for although it is sixty miles in length, in the narrowest place it is only twenty yards wide, though in others it widens to about a mile. It is confined by mountain walls of uniform ruggedness but in varying heights.

In the rainy season the floor of the pass is swept by a powerful torrent which tears up the rails and twists them in a ruthless manner.

Thus we command the route to Kandahar, and all necessary arrangements are already made in case of need.

Sukkur, a most important military centre in Sind



Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

THE MARKET SQUARE, PESHAWUR.

on the lower Indus, would receive Indian troops and stores from the Indus Valley railways, and British reinforcements from Kurrachee in the south. All eyes are fixed on Kandahar, the dominating point on the route of an invading army.

The railway from Sukkar branches off to Quetta, which is in Beluchistan. A little further on is a tunnel which pierces a high mountain. This tunnel is 4,000 feet long and emerges at the frontier fort of Chaman, sixty miles from Kandahar.

Quetta commands the approach to the Bolan Pass, which is the key to India on the side of Beluchistan, and protected on the other hand by the Khojak Pass through the lofty Amran Range, which is the key to Afghanistan. Quetta therefore, as may easily be seen, occupies a very strong position. The town is fully garrisoned and contains very little of interest.

PESHAWUR.

Not so the town of Peshawur, the frontier town of the Khyber Pass, and about ten miles distant. This ancient town was mentioned by historians of Alexander's Conquest of India. It had been conquered many times before the British captured it in 1848. It is surrounded by a mud wall with sixteen gates which are closed at sundown.

The Kabul Gate gives entrance to the main street of shops, which is generally thronged with people, and which is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque bazaars in India.

The Serai, or native hotel, which swarms with foreign merchants of every nationality and type of the East, in picturesque and quaint attire, was

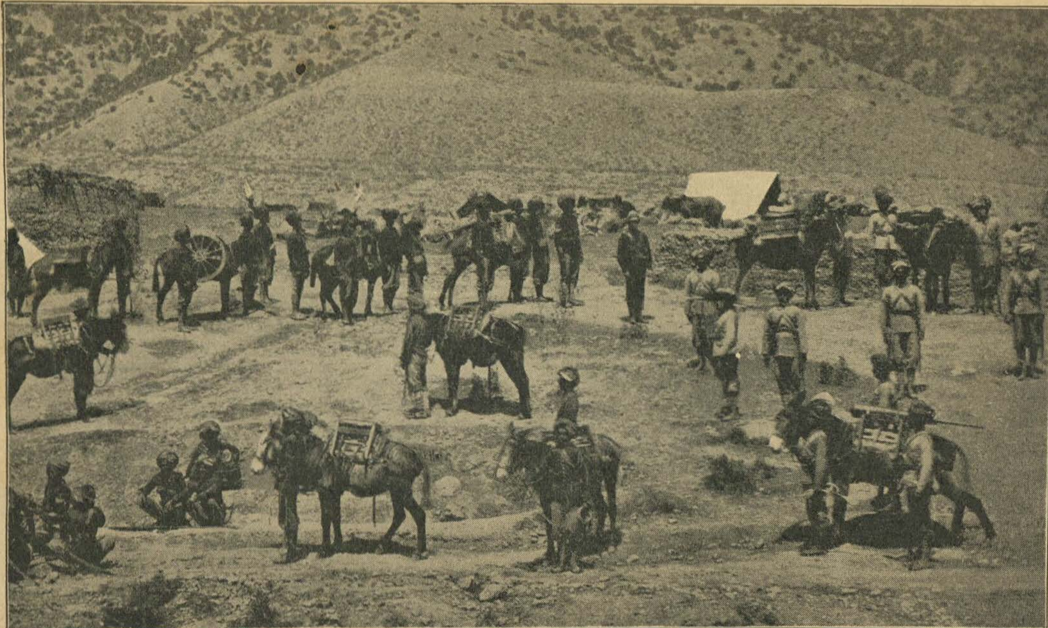


Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN NORTHERN INDIA.

originally a Buddhist monastery, and afterwards a Hindu temple, before being used as an hotel.

Outside the walls is a fortress on a hill, with walls of sun-dried brick rising nearly 100 feet. This fort has a powerful supply of guns and ammunition.

Peshawur has some beautiful gardens in its suburbs, where are grown luscious fruits such as pomegranates, plums, peaches, quinces and limes.

THE ATTOCK FORT.

The great historic fortress of the Indus is Attock, at the junction of the Indus and Kabul rivers. The fort was built in 1583 by the Emperor Akbar, and at that time must have been impregnable. The river is crossed by a splendid bridge belonging to the Northern State Railway, and which has a subway for carts and pedestrians.

Attock is well situated on the spur of a hill running down into the Indus, and is surrounded by mountains from two to three thousand feet high. There are good military roads in this neighbourhood, one which runs to Khusalgarh, where the Indus is crossed by an excellent bridge of boats.

A garrison is quartered at Dera Ismail Khan, a new town which is commanded on the west by the Tukt-i-Suleiman, the highest peaks of the Great Suleiman Range.

Thus we see that although there are a few vulnerable spots in the fortifications Nature has provided for us in India, yet these same spots are well guarded and protected, both by passes extremely difficult to cross and by an interior line of fortified towns.



INDIAN FRONTIER SCOUT.

CHAPTER XIII.

CEYLON: THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.

Ceylon is not, strictly speaking, a part of the Indian Empire, nor is it under the Government of India, being a separate "Crown Colony" under the control of the Colonial Office in London. But from a geographical point of view this "pearl of the Indian ocean" may be dealt with in connection with the great Empire.

Travellers who have been the whole world over can hardly find praise enough for the exceeding beauty of this island, which is often termed the "Garden of the East."

WONDERFUL SCENERY.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of that famous poem, "The Light of Asia," who knows more about the magic East than perhaps any other Englishman, has written the following description of the scenery in glowing and picturesque language:

"It is truly impossible," he says, "to exaggerate the natural beauty of Ceylon. Belted with a double girdle of golden sands and waving palm groves, the interior is one vast green garden of nature deliciously disposed into plain and highland, valley and peak, where almost everything is grown known to the tropical world, under a sky glowing with an equatorial sun, yet tempered by the cool sea-winds.

"Colombo itself, outside the actual town, is a perfect labyrinth of shady bowers and flowery lakes and streams.

"For miles and miles you drive about under arbours of feathery bamboos, broad-leaved bread-fruit trees, talipot and areca palms, cocoa-nut groves, and stretches of rice fields, cinnamon and sugar-cane, amid which the fire-flies dart about in glittering clusters. The lowliest hut is embosomed in palm-fronds and the bright crimson blossoms of the hibiscus. . . .

"Moreover, the lanes and carriage drives of Colombo and of Kandy are continuous studies of tropical Nature at her brightest.

A DRIVE IN CEYLON.

"Delightful is it to ride or drive under league-long avenues of giant bamboos, and palms loaded with green and yellow cocoa-nuts; to see the most splendid sprays of bloom of all conceivable hues and perfumes running riot everywhere. It gives, in truth, a new conception of the bounty of Creation to explore those dark green alleys of Colombo or Kandy—to cut a branch from the glossy cinnamon and taste its fragrant bark; to break out the new-veined nutmeg from its shell of scarlet mace; to send your willing Cingalese boy into the crown of the cocoa-nut tree, and to receive nut after nut full of sweet fresh milk; to buy pineapples a foot long for an anna, and get vegetable rolls from the bread-fruit tree; to watch ripe bananas sold by the cartload, and see flowers everywhere of the loveliest hues and forms, draping every cottage door and running wild over every hedge; to find the grass beneath your feet carpeted by the sensitive plant,

which shrinks like a live thing, and lays its leaves and pink catkins flat on the ground if your stick or foot touch it in passing; to rest beneath a jack-fruit tree, laden with vast scaly fruit, growing monstrously out of the trunk; to sit on a bench with the cinchona boughs on one hand and the graceful tulip branches on the other, and an avenue of mahogany trees behind, having twenty different species of palm within view; yet all this is what you may contemplate almost anywhere within the environs of Colombo or Kandy."

COLOMBO HARBOUR.

Colombo, the chief town of Ceylon, has a fine harbour protected by a great "mole" of granite running out into the sea, built about 1887, and affording a safe anchorage for the crowds of vessels, large and small, which come hither with mails and passengers.

It is a place of call for the great lines of steamers on the way to Australia, China and Japan, Calcutta and Burma, and is also thronged by small coasting vessels from the mainland of India.

The visitor to Colombo is always interested in a fleet of small and strange-looking craft to be seen outside the harbour. These are the "catamarans" or fishing boats of Ceylon. They are built like a canoe, the fisherman having only enough room to sit in the boat, which is exceedingly narrow, and is only kept from capsizing by a log of wood floating alongside and fastened to the canoe with two cane poles.

THE TOWN.

The town of Colombo is mainly a collection of tiny houses belonging to the native people.

The English quarter is not particularly large, and consists chiefly of the Government House, a fort and barracks for a regiment of infantry, a few hotels, some business offices and warehouses, one or two streets of villa-houses, such as one may see in a London suburb, and last but not least, the railway station.

THE NATIVE RACES.

The people of Ceylon are divided into two races. In the north of the island most of the natives belong to the Tamil race, and in the south they are mostly Cingalese.

It was in the sixth century B.C. that the Cingalese first came to Ceylon from the mainland of India, and, invading the island, pushed back the original inhabitants to the hill country, just as the Saxons drove back the ancient Britons in our own country. But in the same way that the Saxons were followed by the Normans and were conquered by them, so the Cingalese were succeeded by hordes of Tamil warriors, also from India, who overran the island and obtained the mastery.

In spite of all the centuries that have passed since these invasions, one may still see the difference between the Tamils and the Cingalese.

The former are slight and graceful in figure, with keen, sharp-looking faces, and deep-set eyes rather close together, with straight noses, and well-formed chins. The Cingalese are more placid in look, a little



Photo : W. L. H. Skeen & Co., Colombo.

CHATHAM STREET, FORT COLOMBO, CEYLON.

heavy in features, with large eyes, long black hair, and short beards.

This difference in the appearance of the two races is also seen in their character. The Tamils are a hard-working, energetic people, but the Cingalese are fonder of ease and pleasure.

In religion, too, the two races differ with each other, the Tamils belonging to the Hindu belief and the Cingalese being all Buddhists.

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

In the streets of Colombo one may see interesting types of these two native races. A peculiar-shaped comb, which somewhat resembles a pair of horns when seen in front, is a sign of a Cingalese, and his costume—when, indeed, he has any costume at all, because the humblest people in this warm climate often wear next to nothing, is a white cotton jacket, and a white petticoat hanging down to the knees.

The Tamil men generally wear turbans, and never a comb like the Cingalese, and for clothing they prefer a white muslin cloth wound about their body and limbs in a skilful and graceful way.

Among the other people to be seen in the streets of Colombo are many Mohammedan Arabs, called "Moormen," dressed in high fez caps of plaited grass, baggy white pants, with turned-up shoes, and a red shawl wound about their bodies.

And everywhere one meets the Buddhist priests in their bright yellow robes, leaving one shoulder bare, and carrying the begging bowls which the people fill with rice. This is their only means of obtaining food,

for the rule of their religion allows them to eat only what is given in charity.

RELICS OF FORMER RULERS.

It is curious to note that many of the names over the native shops are Portuguese and Dutch, and this reminds one of the fact that before the British became the rulers of Ceylon, the Portuguese occupied the country and kept it under their influence for more than a century.

In 1658 they were driven out by the Dutch, who, in their turn, were expelled in 1796 by our own soldiers. But many of the natives still retain the names given to them by their former conquerors.

THE WEALTH OF CEYLON.

Ceylon is now one of the most important parts of our Empire on account of the valuable products of the island which are sent over to this country. It is the land of spices, and specially of cinnamon, which is grown in enormous quantities. Nearly three million pounds is produced every year, and nearly 50,000 acres of land is given up to its cultivation.

The rice fields of Ceylon, covering 600,000 acres, provide the chief food of the native people, and also supply the English markets with great quantities of this grain.

Another valuable product of this island is the bark of the cinchona tree, which provides the powerful medicine, quinine, now so much used as a tonic, and a remedy for tropical fevers. About 10,000,000 tons of this bark is exported every year from Ceylon.

The cocoa-nut palm is another source of wealth to the island, where it grows luxuriantly.

A native cannot understand how people manage to live in countries where the cocoa-nut tree does not grow. To him it provides almost all the necessities of life. He obtains food and drink from it, timber for his house and boat, fibre which is made into thatching for roofs, ropes, mats, and baskets, while the nutshells make all kinds of domestic utensils, and the very kernel gives out a beautiful oil, used for lighting, drinking, and cleansing purposes.

The precious stones of Ceylon have been famous for many centuries, and it was this attraction which first brought the Portuguese traders to its shores. Many of the rubies, sapphires, cats'-eyes and other gems which one sees glistening in the jewellers' shops of London, or adorning the fair forms of English ladies, were first brought to light from the bosom of Mother Earth in the island of Ceylon.

The pearl fisheries on the north-west coast of the island are the finest in the world.

THE PEDLARS.

Outside the Grand Oriental Hotel at Colombo there is always a crowd of pedlars, who with much noise and eloquence endeavour to sell what they call their "precious stones" to the innocent travellers from Europe.

They are mostly "Moormen," descended, as I have said, from a colony of Arabians who settled centuries ago in Ceylon as gem merchants.

Nowadays they are abominable rogues, and their gems are generally bits of coloured glass, or very bad

specimens of sapphires and rubies, which after much bargaining they generally sell to the English or American visitor for about a hundred times their value, which is next to nothing.

CEYLON TEA.

The most extensive and profitable product of Ceylon is of recent date. As late as the year 1878 not a pound of tea was sent out from this colony. Eleven years later Ceylon sent us half as much as we received from China, and the annual exports at the present time average 120,000,000 pounds of tea.

Almost all English settlers in the island are engaged in this enormous industry, which is continually increasing.

It is curious to think that this prosperity is due to a disease attacking the coffee plant, which until 1878 was cultivated by the English planters as their only source of wealth. So terrible were the effects of the disease that the planters were nearly ruined.

But with a splendid energy they turned to the cultivation of tea, and in a very short time Ceylon tea became as famous and as much liked as that of India and China. At the present time there are large numbers of people who prefer the flavour of this tea to any other, and the demand is always growing.

THE ROAD TO KANDY.

After Colombo, Kandy is the most important town of Ceylon.

The journey inland from the coast is through the most picturesque scenery, with such luxurious vegetation that the plants have almost a battle to live, the

trees being half strangled with creepers, and every yard of soil being filled with riotous undergrowth blazing with a tangle of flowers.

Where the industry of man has cleared the jungle, one sees the Tamil natives at work on the rice fields, but as the railway mounts the hill country the scenery becomes wilder and the train skirts the edges of deep valleys, above which rise great rocks hidden beneath thick-growing ferns and tropical plants.

SENSATION ROCK.

At one point of the line between Colombo and Kandy the train passes over a narrow track cut in the side of a deep precipice which plunges down thousands of feet, so that a passenger gazing from his carriage feels giddy at the yawning gulf beneath him.

This is a famous spot in the scenery of Ceylon, and is known to all travellers in that part of the world as Sensation Rock.

KANDY.

The town of Kandy is very picturesque, being composed of low and narrow streets of little white-washed houses nestling beneath a background of green hills and embosomed in gardens of feathery palms, with a gleaming lake among the greenery.

THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

This lake is by the side of a Buddhist temple famous throughout India because here is kept the so-called "tooth of Buddha."

"It is a strange-looking building, with huge carvings of elephants in stone, and above them



Photo : Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta

SCENERY IN CEYLON.

(The Twin Falls, Bambodda.)

wall-paintings representing scenes in the life of the great Buddha, and grotesque and horrible pictures illustrating the future sufferings that will happen to people who have been bad Buddhists.

Every morning and every evening the men, women, and children of Kandy come to the temple laden with sweet-smelling flowers, which they give to the priests to be laid upon the silver table before the shrine of "Buddha's Tooth" as a love-offering.

This shrine stands in a dark chamber approached by a solid silver door. It is a bell-shaped receptacle of gold studded in precious gems of almost priceless wealth. This outer covering is above six other shrines, all of which must be removed before the tooth itself is revealed. Strangely enough, this relic, which is revered by all good Buddhists as the actual tooth of the great founder of their religion, is not in the least like a human tooth, but is a kind of tusk two and a half inches long, looking very much as if it had once belonged to the jaw of a crocodile or a pig. It is but rarely taken out of its seven shrines, and only a few Europeans have ever been permitted to see it. One of those who had this special privilege was King Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales.

THE GARDENS OF PERADENIA.

About four miles from Kandy are some famous botanical gardens at a place called Peradenia, which are approached by a magnificent avenue of india-rubber trees 100 feet high, with broad, leafy crowns fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and huge roots that writhe over the ground like enormous

snakes, and sometimes grow straight up in the air till they reach the lower branches, so that they support the weight of the heavy foliage.

Inside the garden-gate is a great clump of trees, including specimens of all the different kinds of palms which grow in the island. Most beautiful of all these is the Talipot, called the "Queen of Palms," which for thirty years from its birth in the seed, pushes up a tall white trunk crowned by dark green leaves, until it reaches a height of 100 feet and more. Then it bursts into a magnificent bloom of white flowers, rising in a pyramid forty feet above the leaves.

The natives use the leaf of the Talipot, which is often eight or nine feet in diameter, as a sunshade, and it is very appropriate for this purpose, because it folds up exactly like an umbrella.

The botanical gardens are thronged with pretty squirrels and tropical birds in gay-coloured plumage, and innumerable flying foxes, which congregate on the branches of the trees and eat their fruit. These curious creatures have a vice which is generally considered to belong only to mankind. They very often get hopelessly intoxicated with the sweet sap of the palm trees, and lie about at night in a shocking state of drunkenness.

THE HILL COUNTRY.

The great health resort of Ceylon is Nuwera Eliya, which is perched on the hills 6,200 feet above the sea-level.

It is always fresh and invigorating in this region, and affords a delightful change from the summer heat of Colombo.

The highest peak in the island, Pedurn Galla, rises above this retreat, and this mountain, with the neighbouring hills, which are clad in thick forests, are the "happy hunting-grounds" of the sportsman, for here there roam herds of wild elephants, as well as leopards, cheetahs, tiger-cats, jackals, elk and many other beasts, to say nothing of great tribes of monkeys, which are by far the most numerous inhabitants of these wild woods.

ADAM'S PEAK.

From Nuwera Eliya the traveller generally makes his way to Adam's Peak, called the sacred mountain of Ceylon.

Here on the summit is the shape of a great footmark, which for many thousands of years has been looked upon by the people of Ceylon and guarded by the priests as a miraculous sign.

"For thousands of years," says Mr. Edward Carpenter, "the sound of the priest's chantry has been heard at night between the driven white plain of clouds below, and the silent moon and stars above; and by day pilgrims have toiled up the steep sides to strew flowers, and to perform some kind of worship to their gods, on this high natural altar."

When the Buddhists came to Ceylon, 400 years B.C., they claimed the footmark as that of Buddha, but later on the Mohammedans, who gained possession of the mountain, gave it the name of Adam's Peak, believing that here our first father set his foot.

A RUINED CITY.

The most wonderful place in Ceylon and the most ancient relic of its past history is the ruined city of Anuradhapura.

Five hundred years before the Christian era, this great city was the capital of Ceylon, founded by the Cingalese invaders. In 413 A.D., a Chinese traveller who visited Ceylon described it in the following words :—

"The city," he wrote, "is the residence of many magistrates, grandees and foreign merchants; the mansions beautiful, the public buildings richly adorned, the streets and highways straight and level, and houses for preaching built at every thoroughfare."

Now the traveller who forces his way through the jungle which surrounds the place where once this city stood comes upon a mass of crumbling ruins.

Here in a great square about an acre in extent are sixteen hundred granite columns which once supported a great palace, and high above the trees or hidden in the thick woods, rise immense blocks of masonry overgrown with tangled greenery.

It is as if London had been deserted by its people and all the great buildings had fallen into decay, until nature had taken possession of the stones and covered them with vegetation.

BUDDHA'S FIG TREE

Near this deserted and ruined city is the most famous tree in the world. This is the bo-tree, or fig tree, planted more than twenty-one centuries ago from a slip of another tree, under which sat that wise and

good man Buddha, when he taught those lessons to his followers which afterwards became the doctrine of the Buddhist religion.

Here every year come thousands of people from all parts of Ceylon, on a pilgrimage to this old tree, before which they place offerings of flowers and fruit in memory of Buddha.

Near by are many bell-shaped shrines called "dagobas," which are supposed to contain relics of the great teacher, and these are also visited by the pilgrims. Many of them contain strange statues of Buddha and figures of religious meaning full of interest to students of history.

THE POPULATION OF CEYLON.

The total population of Ceylon is close upon three million people, of whom nearly two million are Cingalese.

The Tamils from Southern India number about 700,000, and the "Moormen," descended from early Arabian settlers, amount to nearly 200,000.

In addition to these there is a European population of 22,000 people.

No traveller in India should fail to visit this beautiful and interesting island, which is truly the Garden of our Eastern Empire.

CHAPTER XIV.

BURMA, OR FURTHER INDIA.

Eastward of the great Indian peninsula, lies the province of Burma, the largest in British India, consisting of 280,000 square miles.

There is no country in the East, with the exception of Japan, which affords such an interesting study of native character combined with such picturesqueness of manners, customs and scenery. Burma is indeed a land of delight.

KING THEEBAW AND HIS QUEEN.

At first our possessions in Burma amounted but to a narrow strip of land extending along the coast of the Bay of Bengal.

Lower Burma was ours, but Upper Burma was independent and ruled by King Theebaw and his Queen, Supayah Lat, who was very cruel and heartless, as well as ambitious.

She was constantly inciting her husband to murder and massacre to gain, as she thought, greater power. King Theebaw was but a tool in the hands of his wife and of her mother, who had formerly been Queen. For Theebaw had married his step-sister in marrying Supayah Lat, and had furthermore usurped the throne from his elder brothers.

To ensure the secure possession of the throne thus illegally obtained, the two Queens planned and

carried out in the palace a general massacre of King Theebaw's relatives, amounting to at least forty persons.

It was this massacre which raised the indignation of Britain and brought about the war which led to the annexation of Upper Burma in 1886, when the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, went to Burma in State and received the submission of the country. Theebaw and Supayah Lat were exiled to Madras.

THE WEALTH OF BURMA.

Since England assumed the reins of government, much has been done to open up a country which in parts is immensely fertile and where rice is grown in abundance; where rubies of great size and of the finest quality are found in the mines situated on the summit of the mountains to the north-east of Mandalay, and where the rare teak tree grows in the forests, which cover an area of 12,000 square miles.

These three products, rice, rubies, and teak, are the principal sources of Burma's wealth.

Besides these, however, many English fruits and vegetables are grown with success, and bamboo and indiarubber trees are found in the forests, and gold quartz is obtained in the Northern Shan States, while silver mines and petroleum wells situated at Nyoungoo, near Pagahn, have been worked for over 2,000 years.

Thus we see that the commercial probabilities ot Burma are great. With this fact in view, a good railway extending for about 1,000 miles is on the eve of completion, and travelling by rail is easy.

THE IRRAWADDY.

The river Irrawaddy is the great waterway of Burma from the high Shan Hills, near China, to the Bay of Bengal.

It is said that the Irrawaddy contains the largest amount of melted snow in the world. When the snows on the great hills melt, the river swells to a mighty torrent.

About the same time the rains deluge the country, and the river widens until the neighbouring lands are one vast expanse of water.

In the narrow mountain passes, where the river is guarded by rocky heights, the water, being unable to expand, rises sometimes as much as ninety feet above the normal level.

A JOURNEY THROUGH BURMA.

To go by river from Rangoon to Bhamo, which is at the end of the Burmese extent of the Irrawaddy, one passes most of the interesting places and sights there are to be seen in Burma.

At Prome, on the left bank of the river, the hill is crowned by a pagoda or temple, called the Shway San-Daw ("great and golden"), hung with a thousand bells and guarding within its precincts, so the people believe, the impression of the "Lord Buddha's Foot."

Higher up is Pagahn, which city alone is worth a journey to Burma to see. "As numerous as the pagodas of Pagahn," is a favourite Burmese saying.

Pagahn is now entirely in ruins, but these are still magnificent. They extend for nine miles along the bank of the river and for about three inland.

Here one sees fine temples dating from a thousand

years ago, grand pagodas, huge figures of Buddha, both in a sitting and recumbent posture, and the remains of the Phongyee Kionngs, or monasteries, most perfectly carved. For miles the ground is strewn with these wonderful ruins.

Amourapoora is another ruined city, at one time the residence of the Burmese Kings.

Here there is a monster pagoda which was rent from end to end in an earthquake, and a huge bell close by weighing ninety tons.

The four hundred and fifty pagodas of the law at Mandalay, the countless fanes, pagodas, shrines, monasteries, cupolas, and statues, one sees all along the route, make the journey up the river Irrawaddy one of extreme interest and delight. Bhamo, where the voyage ends, is a frontier town only thirty miles from the land of China.

BURMESE HOUSES.

All Burmese houses, no matter of what rank the inmate, be he king or fisherman, are one-storied.

The Burmese consider it an indignity to have anyone walking over their heads. Their houses are very simple in construction, and can be built without a nail. They are raised on teak or bamboo posts, seven or eight feet from the ground, and generally consist of one good-sized apartment, with other rooms leading off, and separated from it by matting. In front there is always a verandah, while flaps cut in matting walls make the doors and windows. The cooking is either done in the open air or on a fire-box in the middle of the room.

The furniture generally consists of a mosquito net,



Photo : Watts & Skeen, Rangoon.

A BURMESE DANCE.

a mat, and a few rugs, a dish with a few plates and bowls, and a cradle which is more often than not swung from the roof.

Each house has its garden fenced with bamboo where papayas, palms, and cannas are cultivated.

BURMESE WAYS OF LIVING.

The rule is to take two meals a day. Curry and rice is the staple diet. A favourite delicacy is ugapee, a kind of red ant fried in oil. A certain fat maggot is a very luxurious dish, and pickled tea is a favourite delicacy.

The Burmese eat with their fingers. Both men and women smoke long green cheroots, an art which they are taught when children as soon as they can walk.

BURMESE WOMEN.

In Burma the woman, unlike her sisters in most Eastern countries, is quite free, and the ruling spirit of her husband. The wife is more often than not the wage-earner, and all her earnings are her own.

It is she who does the marketing, and she takes her full share in the affairs of life.

The husband has little to do except when working in the rice fields, which is not for long. He smokes his cheroot, chews his betel nut, and admires his wife because she does most things for him. The parents are very kind to their children, and in return are much respected and loved by their offspring.

BURMESE HAPPINESS.

On the whole the Burmese are a gay, light-hearted people; they live quietly, they are perfectly content with what they have, and are not filled with that

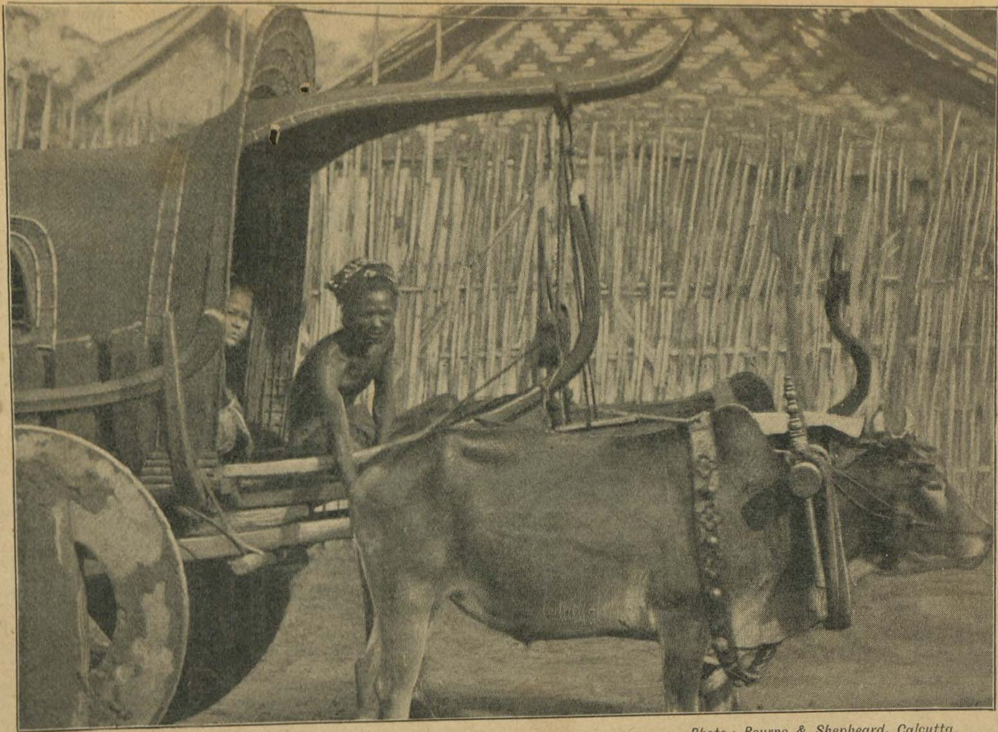


Photo: Bourne & Shepheard, Calcutta.

A BURMESE CARRIAGE

burning desire to "get on" which characterises the man of Western civilisation.

They do not desire to be rich. As soon as they have saved a little extra money they make presents to the pagoda, buying merit in the shape of gold leaf to stick on the roof, or they give a pivé (or play) to which they invite all their neighbours and friends.

THE PEOPLE'S DRESS.

Both men and women wear their hair extremely long, and are ambitious for it to reach to the ankles.

The men gather their hair into a knot, and fasten it with a coloured handkerchief so as to form a turban. The women dress their hair in smooth glossy rolls, and adorn it with flowers.

The dress of both sexes is also very similar, the men wearing a checked or stripe-coloured "pasoh," or petticoat, with a white jacket, and the women a tamein, which takes the place of a skirt, and is tighter than the pasoh, being wound closely round the hips. Consequently the walk of the Burmese lady is somewhat peculiar, resembling that of the Japanese. Like the man, she wears a white jacket, which is adorned in her case by a bright-coloured scarf.

Burmese are extremely fond of bright hues, and are generally very artistic in their selection and combination of colours.

THE BUDDHISM OF BURMA.

The religion of Burma is Buddhism of the purest type.

The great moral truths taught by Gautama Buddha to his disciples have been handed down to the phongyees, or yellow-robed monks, and by them to the people.

These phongyees are not priests, but they are simply men who have taken the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience for an indefinite period.

Every male arriving at manhood is obliged to enter a monastery and take these vows, even if it be only for the term of one Lent.

For whatever period of time the novice may choose to stay in the kionng or monastery, during that time he has to follow closely the life of the community. He has to beg his daily bread, and to wear the yellow robe. He may not possess anything, or even handle gold or silver. He eats nothing after the midday meals, and is taught to eat slowly, and to walk humbly, and to attain calmness and indifference of mind.

So live all the novices and monks. Besides which the monks teach the novices and other Burmese boys to read and write, to know the five great commandments, and the moral laws of Buddha.

SUPERSTITIONS.

The Burman holds many superstitions. He consults the astrologer on every petty occasion, and immediately on the birth of a child its horoscope is cast to foretell its future.

Witchcraft is believed in, and charms are used to protect the wearer from evil spirits, and love-philters are constantly resorted to by young men and maidens.

The Burman has a great objection to wake up a sleeping person, in case his spirit, which is supposed to be wandering, might not have time to return.

He believes also in the transmigration of souls, and that his spirit or soul will enter into the body of a beast or a man, according to the life he has led.

The white elephant is considered extremely sacred, and many are the stories told of kings who possessed divine elephants, and built gorgeous palaces for them, feeding them from plates of gold, and overwhelming them with titles and ceremonies. There are many wild elephants of the ordinary black species in the forests, and these are caught and taught to stack logs in the timber yards of Rangoon.

ELEPHANTS AS WORKERS.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, in her interesting book on "Picturesque Burma," gives an account of a visit to one of these yards:

"The sun had not yet had time to provoke the genial heat of a Burmese winter day when we found ourselves, early one morning in January, in the timber yards of Messrs. Macgregor at Rangoon, with the object of seeing elephants act as coolies in hauling, piling and stacking teak logs. The gentle giants were already at work in different parts of the great yards and in the sheds. Two powerful male tuskers, nearly as large as the favourite and ill-fated Jumbo, and said to be worth £1,000 the pair, were busy stacking squared logs of teak, each of which weighed about two tons.

"Kneeling down, one at each end of a log, the elephants, on signs given by their drivers by means of voice, foot, and a hooked stick, insert their long tusks underneath, and grasping it above with their powerful and muscular trunks, lift it high in the air and place it on the stack.

"One elephant then backs to the end of the stack and neatly pushes the log forward with his trunk, till it lies perfectly level with its fellows.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRADE OF INDIA.

THIS small volume descriptive of India and its people would not be complete without an account of the great trade upon which the prosperity of our Eastern Empire is founded.

And it must be a source of immense satisfaction to the British nation that since India came under the rule of our Government her trade has increased to a truly enormous extent, and is still steadily making its way in the markets of the world.

THE HIGHWAYS OF INDIA.

The old East India Company, in spite of its faults —which were many—began the work of commercial progress. Before it established its trading stations on the east and west coasts, and before it had acquired its strong influence over the destinies of large numbers of Indian people, there were few roads leading from the interior to the coast-line or from one great town to another. But in 1830, towards the end of the East India Company's career, a great road was made from Calcutta to Delhi through the lông valley of the Ganges, extending to a distance of 1,400 miles. Then from Allahabad a road was constructed to Bombay, and from the great city on the west of India two other roads were made, one towards Central India, and the other to Madras. Here again the fifth great road

started on its way to the Southern Peninsula. All these splendid highways were the means of communication from one part of India to the other, so that merchants could send their goods from city to city or bring them down from the interior to the coast, where they might be put on board ship and carried away to other parts of the world.

THE RAILWAYS.

But shortly after these roads were completed, a new means of communication was established, which made it possible for merchandise to be sent from one part to another far more speedily than the Indian people had ever believed to be possible.

The era of railways began, and with it the beginning of "Modern India." Almost as quickly as the great railway system was established in this country, a network of railway lines began to cover the vast area of India through the enterprise of British engineers, and by means of money subscribed by the people of Great Britain for shares in the railway companies who undertook this enormous work.

At the present time there are 21,000 miles of railways in India, and by means of these "lines of communication," which enable the produce of the land and the industries of the people to be brought from great distances to the great commercial towns and to the coast of India, the wealth of the native people has increased to a prodigious extent, and they have been able to build up a vast trade with all parts of the world. As a proof of this increase in prosperity it is interesting to learn that between the years 1837 and 1899 the total trade of India was increased tenfold.

BRITAIN'S BEST CUSTOMER.

The value of the Eastern Empire to Great Britain may be easily understood when we learn that the people of these islands sell to India every year more than £30,000,000 worth of manufactured goods. India is, in fact, England's best customer, and if, through any dreadful misfortune, we were to lose this part of our Empire, hundreds of thousands of people in this country would be brought to the verge of ruin.

The late Lord Dufferin, a recent Governor-General of India, bore out this fact by a remarkable speech in which he said: "It would not be too much to say that if any serious disaster ever overtook our Indian Empire, or our political relations with the Peninsula of Hindustan were to be even partially disturbed, there is not a cottage in Great Britain—at all events in the manufacturing districts—which would not be made to feel the disastrous consequences of such an intolerable calamity."

In return for the manufactured articles which we send out to India—chiefly cotton goods and machinery—we obtain from the Indian people more than £30,000,000 worth of wheat, rice, tea, coffee, raw cotton, jute, hides, indigo, wool, and other products, which supply us with food or the material for many of our manufactures and trades.

INDIA'S FOREIGN TRADE.

In former times the trade of India was almost entirely with the British Isles, with the exception of China, whose position gave a natural advantage of trade with her "next door neighbour." But now, although about 60 per cent.

of the Indian trade is still done with our country, the remaining 40 per cent. is with the rest of the world.

This 40 per cent. of foreign trade is worth £93,000,000 every year to the Indian people, and the exports from which this great income is derived are divided into £25,000,000 for articles of food such as rice and wheat, £10,000,000 for chemicals and drugs, and £37,000,000 for raw materials such as cotton, silk, and hemp.

As a great Indian statesman—Sir Richard Temple—justly remarks: "The fact that India, despite her teeming population, could spare and choose to send away for her own advantage this vast quantity of edible produce shows how in ordinary years she grows more than enough sustenance for her people."

THE TEA PLANTATIONS.

One great source of India's prosperity lies in the great tea-plantations, which are entirely due to British enterprise and capital. The East India Company first discovered the wild tea-plant in Assam in 1820, and the first tea sent over from India to this country was a small parcel which arrived in 1838. In 1840 the Assam Tea Company was started, and three years later, Indian tea was being sold in London at 2s. 6d. per pound. At the present time there are about 312,000 acres of tea plantations in Northern India, and over a hundred million pounds (weight) of tea is sent over to this country every year, and this does not include the large amount of tea imported from Ceylon.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DELHI DURBAR.

I THINK there cannot be a better subject for the last chapter of this little book than a description of the great Durbar (the Hindu word for a state reception) which was held at Delhi in January, 1903, in order to proclaim King Edward VII. as Emperor of India.

During that never-to-be-forgotten week all the races, all the splendours, all the wonders of India the Old, and of India the New, were represented in the city and upon the plains of Delhi.

Here, at that time, the English visitor was able to realise as never before the might and magnificence of that vast Empire over which King Edward is ruler. And here, during that time, the loyalty of all the native princes and the native rulers of India towards the British Government under which they live was expressed by a great and glorious ceremony of homage which will always be remembered as one of the most impressive and important events of English history.

THE PREPARATIONS.

For several months Lord Curzon, who represented the King as the Viceroy of India, superintended the elaborate arrangements necessary for the success of this great Durbar, and throughout the whole of India many thousands of native workpeople were occupied with the preparations for this event.

The news of all this bustle and business was rumoured in Europe and other parts of the world, and a continual stream of visitors poured into India full of eager expectation.

But it was only when the days drew near for the Viceroy to make his solemn entry into Delhi that people began to understand how vast and powerful would be the scenes enacted.

A CITY OF CANVAS.

On the broad, barren plains which stretch before ancient Delhi there had sprung up as if by magic a new and great city covering no less than fifty square miles of ground.

It was a city of white canvas.

Row after row, line after line, mile after mile, thousands of new tents had been put up, as far as the eye could reach. Between them here and there were little gardens planted with tall, graceful palms and green acacias.

And although from a distance all the canvas city seemed quite white, yet wandering through the lanes the visitor came here and there upon a larger tent made of daintily coloured silk and gauzy hangings, above which fluttered a richly embroidered banner, to show that this would be the week's residence of some great native prince who would come with a small army of retainers to occupy a part of the canvas encampment.

MODERN CIVILISATION.

There were many signs here of a modern Western world.

For twelve miles through the centre of the camp

ran a light railway carrying the immense stores necessary to feed a great army.

And along the lanes were telegraph poles carrying to every quarter of the camp a line of brand-new wire which shone with the glint of burnished copper against the sky.

Threading their way also through the canvas thoroughfares were electric lamps, which at night gleamed out like tiny stars, tracing out all the avenues and crossways with their bright white light.

PICTURES FROM THE PAST.

The presence of steam and electricity were, as I have said, signs of the new world of science and invention, but as soon as the great population of native people, in the service of the Indian princes took possession of that portion of the canvas city which had been reserved for them, there were then sights and scenes which belonged to the world of long ago.

Men in strange, fantastic costumes, such as were worn in the early ages of this Eastern land, thronged the narrow lanes between the tents, soldiers in grotesque armour, such as their forefathers had fought in long centuries back, clanked along the footways.

Files of women, in "saris" and skirts of red and blue, swung to and fro in slow rhythm, with water-vessels on their heads, reminding one strangely of Old Testament pictures; and lean, half-naked men carrying huge hogskins of water beneath their arms sold the precious fluid to those who thirsted beneath the rays of the Indian sun.

Never before upon the plains of India had people of so many races gathered together as in this canvas city, and here, in this area of fifty square miles, the visitor was able to see representatives from every part of our Eastern Empire.

MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY.

Strangest of all was it to think that on this very spot where the Indian princes and their people had assembled to pay homage to a King of England, who was also their own Emperor, the most exciting scenes of that long siege had been enacted less than fifty years before, when a British army was fighting its way into a city of rebels, which at that time was the headquarters of the horrible and disastrous mutiny.

From this canvas city the ruins of the Kashmir gate could still be seen as forty-six years before it had been blown up by a gallant little band of heroes.

And a tall monument in the city itself was a reminder of the terrible time when British men and women were massacred by the very people who are now so loyal to our rule.

The time had changed indeed, and at the Delhi Durbar in January, 1903, all these tragic memories faded before the glory and the triumph of the present.

THE STATE ENTRY.

The opening scene of the Durbar ceremonies was the state entry of the Viceroy at the head of a long and gorgeous procession composed of the Indian princes and their retinues.

The streets of Delhi were lined with native soldiers and thronged with Indian people of every race and

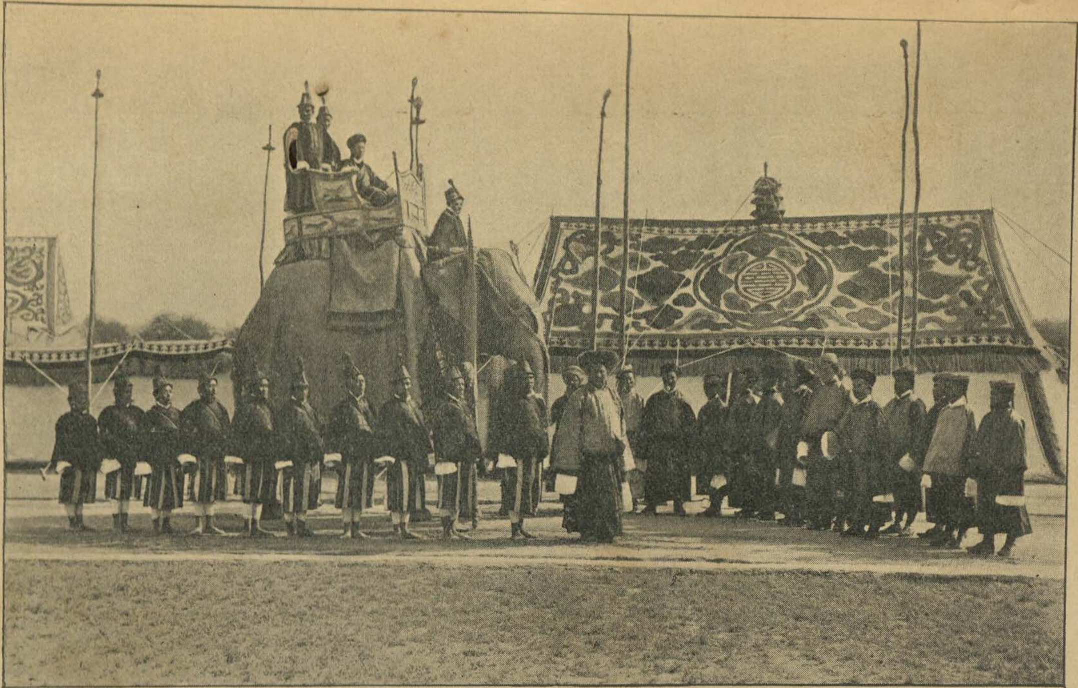


Photo: Johnston & Hoffman, Devonshire Street, W.

A NATIVE PRINCE AT THE DELHI DURBAR.

N

province, and the roofs and balconies of the picturesque houses, hung with bright draperies, were crowded with dark-skinned men in holiday costumes, with gaily-coloured turbans, flowing robes of silken stuffs, and sashes thickly embroidered with gold thread, so that the view was a sumptuous feast of colour.

And down the highway of the Chandni Chauk, all fluttering in flags, came the great and wonderful procession.

THE PROCESSION OF THE NATIVE PRINCES.

There came column upon column of turbaned soldiers marching in long robes of orange, red, and blue, from throat to heel; warriors with black, curling beards upon lumbering elephants, shambling camels, and restive chargers, all draped in rich velvets and cloth of gold; troops of stalwart lancers with a fluttering pennon at the point of each weapon, so that as they came on it seemed as if a swarm of gaily plumaged birds were hovering above their heads.

There were giant spearmen, marching with grave face as though to battle, and scantily clad archers with bows and arrows slung across their shoulders, as though the days of guns and gunpowder had not yet come. Behind them came a body of falconers with hooded hawks chained to their wrists, and retainers leading their masters' hounds. In one part of the procession marched a detachment of armed men mounted on enormously high stilts, and a regiment of camels with men carrying great banners.

Then passed a band of warriors clothed in the strangest costumes that the eyes of men might see, a heavy quilted garment that no sword might cut

through, with a cumbersome helmet coming down over the nose, and with heavy ear-flaps.

But most strange, most picturesque were the Rajput clans, the chivalry of India, sheathed from head to foot in chain-mail such as their forefathers had worn in the great battles of centuries ago. Costumes of scarlet and yellow, in gold and silver, passed in a long stream of humanity, and now and then came bands of men who seemed to be dressed in every colour of the rainbow.

To the spectator, indeed, the procession passed like oncoming waves of brilliant colour, breaking into a foam of gold and silver, and the crest of each wave flashing with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, of jewelled robes and turbans, stiff with pearls, and glittering with golden plumes.

THE MARCH OF THE ELEPHANTS.

Yet the most impressive sight of all was the procession of elephants carrying the Viceroy and his wife, Lady Curzon, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the great princes of India.

There were no less than a hundred and fifty of these monsters, all clothed in gorgeous hangings which partly hid their huge, ungainly forms, and carrying upon their backs strangely-shaped "howdahs," or chairs, carved with the arms of England or the emblems of ancient India, richly painted by native artists, adorned with gold and jewels, and resting upon great cushions covered with embroidered cloths, glistening with thick gold thread worked into patterns of exquisite beauty.

There was one exception to the magnificence of

these elephants. That was the animal that bore the Nizam of Hyderabad, the most powerful prince of India. It was draped with plain yellow velvet, the howdah being also yellow and quite undecorated.

The Nizam himself was conspicuous by the studied plainness of his costume, as though he thought his immense wealth and power were too well known to need any display. In a dark blue uniform, with the light blue ribbon of the Star of India across his breast, and his head covered by a simple red turban, the ruler of the largest native State in India was the simplest but the most impressive figure in the whole of that pageant.

THE AMPHITHEATRE.

The ceremony of proclaiming the King Emperor took place on the first day of January, 1903.

The Viceroy had built an immense amphitheatre outside the northern frontier of the encampment.

It was shaped like a gigantic horse-shoe, a solid earthen rampart having been built up, upon which tier after tier of wooden seats were erected, capable of holding 15,000 spectators, and above them a broad canopy, slanted both ways to give shelter from the rays of the sun, which are dangerously hot even upon the first day of the year, rested upon slender pillars of iron.

All this great amphitheatre, which seemed like some great arena of ancient Rome, was painted in white and gold, and hung with bright flags and draperies, the seats being covered with red cloth.

In the centre of this arena was a graceful little building shaped like a Moorish pavilion, topped by its shining dome and gilt pinnacle. This was the



Photo: Johnston & Hoffman. Devonshire St., W.

THE HERALDS, DELHI DURBAR.

daïs of state from which the Viceroy and the Princes were to witness the ceremony of the Proclamation.

THE AUDIENCE.

To this amphitheatre on the day appointed came a vast concourse of people, and the fifteen thousand seats were filled by the native chiefs and their retainers, by distinguished native gentlemen from all parts of India, and by privileged gentlemen and ladies from all parts of Europe.

The scene was one of extraordinary beauty. The Indian spectators had done honour to the great ceremony by arraying themselves in all their splendour, and they sat in flowered silks, in embroideries heavy with gold and silver braid, in blue and purple velvet, in stuffs encrusted with gems and pearls, the different colours of their turbans glowing like tulips in a bed of flowers.

Yet amid this universal gorgeousness the eye rested upon one group of figures with astonishment.

It was a little band of Burmese chiefs. They were clothed from head to heel in long tunics so thickly threaded with gold, that they see[illegible] be encased in golden scales. Upon their he[illegible]y wore tall, peaked crowns shaped like pagod[illegible] great jewels hung from their ears.

These Eastern costumes were a strange contrast to the plain black suits of many Englishmen present in the amphitheatre, but the large number of ladies in the topmost seats of the arena added to the feast of colour and beauty by their gay and dainty toilettes.

Outside the arena a great army was massed, numbering 37,000 men, representing the finest British

and native regiments of the Indian army. Looking down from the top of the amphitheatre it seemed as if they made a circular wall of never-ending ranks.

A PATHETIC EPISODE.

Before the actual ceremony began, an incident happened which was afterwards remembered as one of the most impressive scenes of the Durbar.

As the massed bands of two thousand instruments broke into a burst of triumphant music, a little procession made its way through the entrance to the arena and marched slowly towards the daïs of state.

For a few moments the spectators did not realise who were those fifty Europeans, some in uniform and some in plain clothes, feeble and tottering with the weight of years, while behind them came some two hundred native soldiers, marching some with faltering step, and others being supported by a comrade on either side.

Then, as if by a sudden shock, the great audience of fifteen thousand people leaped to their feet, storming at these men with passionate cheers that rose and sank and r[illegible]ain as though they would never cease.

The lit[illegible]cession was the last remnant of a gallant army. [illegible]ey were the veterans of the Mutiny who had fought with Havelock and Colin Campbell, with Outram and Lawrence and Nicholson, in those days of 1857 when there was need of heroes, and fortunately, no lack of them.

The next incident was the entry of the Gordon Highlanders who swung across the amphitheatre to form the guard of honour in front of the pavilion.

In their fine picturesque costume, with sun-tanned faces they looked the picture of hardy and gallant soldiers, and the Indian people were just as much impressed by them as the English visitors were by the stranger but not less soldierly appearance of the native regiments.

THE VICEROY COMES.

Then began the real ceremony of the Durbar by the entrance of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, escorted by a troop of lancers through a passage guarded on one side by British and on the other by native soldiers, while the National Anthem was thundered out by two thousand instruments.

The Duke took his seat in a chair of state on the right side of the daïs, the Duchess sitting somewhat behind.

Then another burst of music announced the approach of the Viceroy, preceded by a body of British cavalry and the Viceroy's bodyguard of Indian warriors, and followed by the famous Bodyguard of Princes called the Imperial Cadet Corps.

These are young men of roya[illegible]ly, the sons and relatives of Indian princes, an[illegible] look very gallant in their dazzling uniforms o[illegible], and white and gold.

At last comes the Viceroy, accompanied by Lady Curzon in a state carriage drawn by four splendid horses with outriders in scarlet and gold.

A royal salute booms out from a battery of guns, the Viceregal standard is unfurled from the flagstaff on the pavilion, and everyone in that vast audience rises to greet the representative of the King-Emperor.

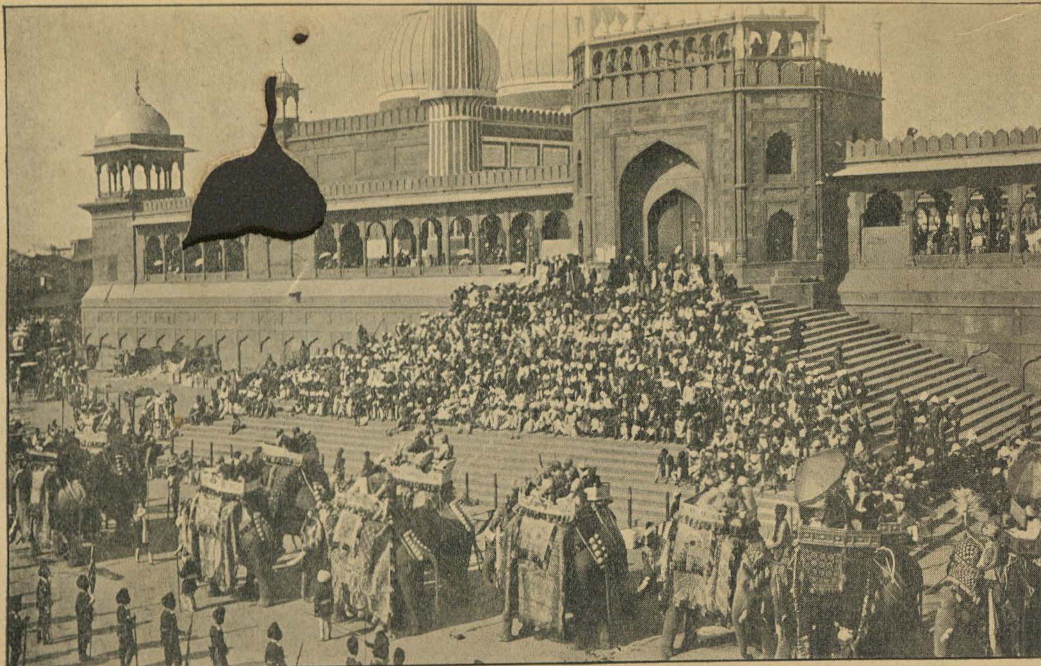


Photo: Johnston & Hoffman, Devonshire Street, W.

THE MARCH OF THE ELEPHANTS, DELHI DURBAR.

Then the Viceroy ascends the daïs and takes his seat upon a throne surmounted by a crown with the lions of England carved upon its legs, and at the back the Star of India glittering in gold.

THE HERALD.

As the dull booming of the last gun died away the drums rolled, the bugles blared out, and a triumphant peal of music swelled forth upon the still air.

Then for a few moments there was silence, and everyone in that great assembly waited with stilled breath.

Suddenly the silver notes of the herald's trumpet rang out across the plain, and at the entrance to the amphitheatre appeared a tall and splendid figure upon a prancing black charger.

It was the herald-at-arms, Major Maxwell, of the Prince of Wales's Bengal Cavalry.

On his tabard, or coat, of satin the Royal arms were displayed on the front and back, and on each sleeve the lion of England was embroidered in rich gold. A white and gold scarf fell [illegible] his helmet, and white breeches and top-boots c[illegible] the rest of his impressive costume. His ste[illegible] splendidly caparisoned with a light leopard sk[illegible]nging across its saddle, and a long red and white plume nodding from its head-band. In his right hand the herald held a staff of ebony tipped with a silver crown. Behind him rode his drummer and twelve trumpeters, six British and six natives, dressed in scarlet and gold and mounted also on black chargers.

So this brilliant little cavalcade rides forward, the

silver trumpets sending a shrill blast across the plain.

Thrice they halt, and thrice the notes resound.

Then the herald rides in front of the Viceroy and receives his commands to read the proclamation announcing the Coronation of his Majesty the King-Emperor of India.

Wheeling sharply round and facing the entrance to the arena, the herald drew forth the parchment roll, and in loud clear tones which could be heard in every part of the amphitheatre he read out the following message.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

"Edward, R.I.

"Whereas, upon the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, Queen Victoria, upon the twenty-second day of January in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, We did ascend the Throne under the style and title of Edward VII., by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Brita[illegible]nd Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor [illegible];

"An[illegible]s by our Royal Proclamations bearing date t[illegible]nty-sixth day of June and the tenth day of Dece[illegible] in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, in the First Year of Our Reign, We did publish and declare our Royal intention, by the Favour and Blessing of Almighty God, to celebrate the Solemnity of Our Royal Coronation upon the twenty-sixth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and two;

"And whereas, by the Favour and Blessing of

Almighty God, We were enabled to celebrate the said Solemnity upon Saturday, the ninth of August last;

"And whereas, it is Our wish and desire that the fact of the celebration of the said Solemnity should be publicly announced to all Our loving subjects within Our Indian Dominions, and opportunity should be given to Our Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, and Heads of Administrations, to the Chief Princes, Chiefs, and Nobles of the Native States under Our Protection, and to the Representatives of all the Provinces of Our Indian Empire, to take part in the said ceremonial;

"Now We do, by this Our Royal Proclamation make announcement thereof, and We do hereby charge and command Our right trusty and well-beloved Councillor, George Nathaniel, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Our Viceroy and Governor-General of India, to hold at Delhi on the 1st of January, one thousand nine hundred and three, an Imperial Durbar for the purpose of declaring the completion of the said Solemnity of Our Coronation; and We direct that at the said Durbar this Procl[illegible] shall be read for the information of all whom [illegible] concern.

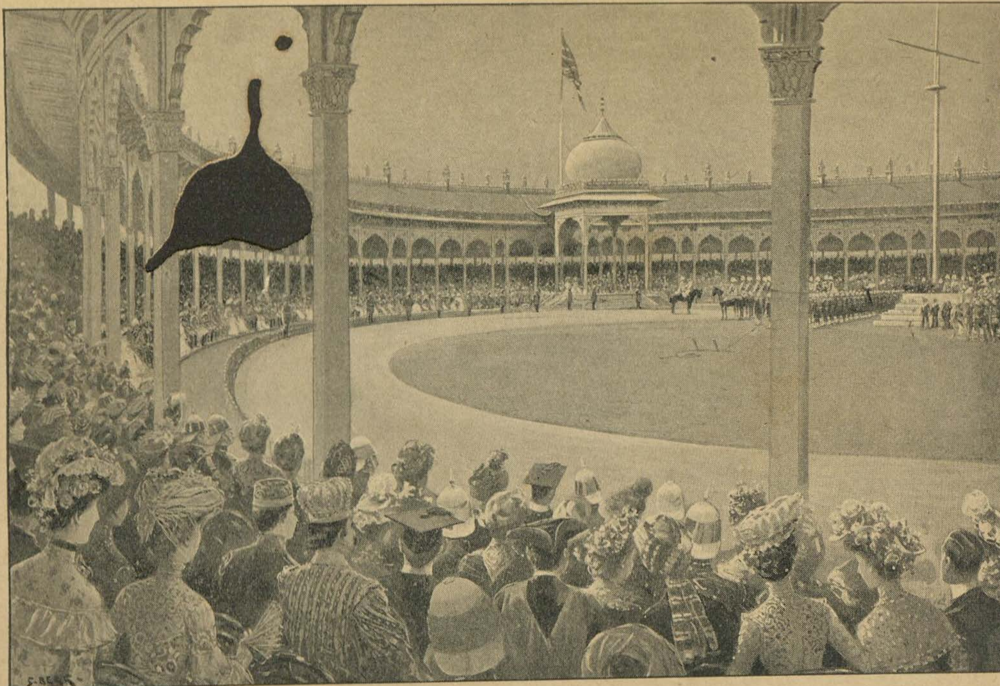
"Given at Our Court of St. Jam[illegible] first day of October, one thousand nine hun[illegible] and two, in the second year of our reign.

"God save the King-Emperor."

ACCLAIMING THE KING.

At the conclusion of these words there was a long and joyful flourish upon the trumpets.

Upon the great flagstaff in the centre of the



THE PROCLAMATION DELHI DURBAR.

amphitheatre, which until then had been bare, the great folds of the Royal Standard spread out as the flag was run up to the peak. A hundred and one guns roared out in an Imperial salute, and the quick pattering fire of rifles swept round the lines of the infantry beyond. Then once again the massed bands filled the air with the slow and solemn strains of the National Anthem.

As the strains died away, the Viceroy stood up from his throne and in a loud clear voice, gazing round upon the glorious scene of the amphitheatre, he spoke a few thrilling words in which he dwelt upon the loyalty and devotion of the Indian princes and their people for the King-Emperor, and declared his belief in the bright destinies of India as a part of the great British Empire which binds together so many countries and so many races in a union of strength.

At the end of this speech Lord Curzon read a long and gracious message from the King, and then called for three cheers for the King-Emperor. With one movement the vast audience in the amphitheatre surged to their feet, and three times a mighty shout rolled across the plains of Delhi in which the native people of India had even a larger share than those of the British race.

Hardly had the echoes died away than there came three answering shouts, deeper, hoarser and louder. It was the cheering of the thousands of soldiers who surrounded the amphitheatre as they responded to the signal of their general.

The great ceremony of the Durbar was concluded by the homage of the native princes to the Viceroy as the representative of their Emperor.

One by one they came in their splendid dresses, and mounting the daïs shook hands with Lord Curzon and the Duke of Connaught, who stood by his side, each one expressing his loyal wishes for the health and prosperity of the new Emperor of India and devotion to his person and Government.

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